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THE STORY OF THE PINNA AND THE SYRIAN LAMB.

BY BERTHOLD LAUFER.

THE Chinese Annals of the Later Han Dynasty (A.D. 25-220), in the account of Ta T'sin, ascribe asbestine cloth to the Roman Orient. The text then continues, "Further, they have a fine cloth said by some to originate from the down of a water-sheep, and they have also a stuff made from wild-silkworm cocoons."<sup>1</sup> The name of the former of these

<sup>1</sup> Hou Han shu, ch. 118, p. 4 b. The previous translators of this passage did not treat it with full justice. Hirth (China and the Roman Orient, p. 41) offered the rendering, "They further have 'fine cloth,' also called *Shui-yang-ts'ui* [that is, down of the water-sheep]; it is made from the cocoons of wild silkworms." G. Schlegel ("The Shui-yang or Water-Sheep," Actes du 8e Congrès des Orientalistes à Stockholm, 1889, p. 22) criticised this translation on some point, and himself proposed, "They have fine cloth which some say is made from the down of the water-sheep and the cocoons of wild silkworms." Chavannes (T'oung Pao, 1907, p. 183) translates, "They have, besides, a light cloth, of which some say that it is from the down of the aquatic sheep, but which in reality is fabricated from the cocoons of wild silkworms." M. Chavannes himself, however, contradicts this translation by his mode of interpretation: for he explains the cloth from the down of the water-sheep as the textiles made from the fibres of the pinna (the textiles are not styled "byssus," as stated by him), and in regard to the silk material refers to Aristotle's mention of "silks from wild silkworms on the island of Cos." In this case the two articles are entirely distinct, and it is clear that the above Chinese clause consists of two separate and co-ordinated parts. A stuff made from wild-silkworm cocoons is not capable of eliciting a tradition pertaining to a water-sheep. The latter, as plainly suggested by this name, is an aquatic product, while silk is not. That this view of the matter is correct, is solidly testified by the texts of the T'ang shu, and of Ma Tuan-lin quoted above, which speak of the water-sheep only, without any reference to wild silkworms. The text of the Wei liu (Hirth, l. c., p. 71), however, is perfectly conclusive: "They weave fine cloth, saying that they utilize for this purpose the down of the water-sheep; this product is termed 'cloth from the west of the sea.' All domestic animals of this country are produced in the water. Some say that they make use not only of sheep's wool, but also of tree-bast [that is evidently flax] and the silk of wild silkworms in the production of textiles." Here the wild silkworms are separated from the water-sheep by two intervening sentences, and it is patent that the two subjects are not interrelated.—The passage of Aristotle in regard to the silkworm, to which Chavannes alludes, has frequently been misunderstood. Aristotle does not say that the animal was bred or the raw material produced in Cos: he merely

two textiles is imparted in the "Wei lio," written by Yü Huan between 239 and 265, who states, "They weave fine cloth, saying that they utilize for this purpose the down of the water-sheep; this product is termed 'cloth from the west of the sea' (*hai si pu*)."<sup>1</sup> The same name appears in the Annals of the T'ang Dynasty,<sup>1</sup> in the account of Fu-lin (Syria), where "the wool of the water-sheep is woven into cloth." Ma Tuan-lin, in his "Wên hien t'ung k'ao," completed in 1319, has the same information; but the name is altered by him into "cloth occurring in the sea" or "cloth from within the sea" (*hai chung pu*). This was presumably effected under Arabic influence; for Ibn al-Baitâr calls the product yielded by the *Pinna nobilis* or *P. squamosa* "wool of the sea" (*suf el-bahr*),<sup>2</sup> and, as will be seen, after Greek model.

The failure of previous authors to explain these accounts correctly resulted from their neglect to study the corresponding traditions of the ancients regarding this matter. Bretschneider<sup>3</sup> observed with reference to the passage in the Han Annals, "This is perhaps the byssus, a cloth-stuff woven up to the present time by the inhabitants of the Mediterranean coast, especially in southern Italy, from the thread-like excrescences of several sea-shells, especially *Pinna squamosa*." A modern condition of affairs is here invoked to account for a fact relating to antiquity; while the ancients find no place at all, and no attempt is made to explain the origin of the curious Chinese term "water-sheep." There is, moreover, a grave error in Bretschneider's statement when he designates this fabric as "byssus." Byssus, as everybody knows, was a fine tissue of the ancients, produced in the vicinity of Elis in Achaia.<sup>4</sup> It is variously interpreted as cotton or flax.<sup>5</sup> More probably it was the latter.<sup>6</sup> At any rate, it has nothing to do with the ancient

states that a woman of Cos, Pamphila by name, daughter of Plateus, is credited with the first invention of the fabric. Only subsequent authors—as Pliny (xi, 77) and Isidorus (xix, 22, 13), who lived from 570 to 636—mention the actual occurrence of a wild silkworm on Cos (compare J. Yates, *Textrinum Antiquorum*, p. 163; Blümner, *Technologie*, vol. i, 2d ed., p. 202). On the other hand, the opinion is expressed that Aristotle, in this passage, does not speak at all of a silkworm (Aubert and Wimmer, *Aristoteles Tierkunde*, vol. i, p. 162); and E. Hahn (*Haustiere*, p. 563) even goes so far as to reject, with good reason, this whole text as unauthentic. At any rate, it seems doubtful that Aristotle should have written all the unintelligible absurdities of this account. Be this as it may, the notice ascribed to Aristotle's name cannot be enlisted to explain the wild silk mentioned by the Chinese Annals as having been wrought in the Roman Orient. This kind of silk has nothing to do with Cos or *vestes Coae*, but distinctly points to what was termed by the ancients *bombycinæ*,—textiles manufactured in Assyria or Syria, and obtained from a wild silkworm whose cocoons could not be reeled off, but were combed and spun. This silk (in French *galette*) possessed less gloss and fineness than the Chinese material.

<sup>1</sup> T'ang shu, ch. 221 B, p. 8. The T'ang dynasty ruled from 618 to 906.

<sup>2</sup> L. Leclerc, *Traité des simples*, vol. ii, p. 386.

<sup>3</sup> On the Knowledge possessed by the Ancient Chinese of the Arabs, p. 24.

<sup>4</sup> Pliny, *Naturalis historia*, xix, 4.

<sup>5</sup> Blümner, *Technologie*, vol. i, 2d ed., p. 192.

<sup>6</sup> J. Yates, *Textrinum Antiquorum*, pp. 267-280.

textiles obtained from the fibres of the pinna. The error of Bretschneider was caused by the fact that in our zoölogical nomenclature the filaments secreted by the foot of this animal and other bivalve mollusks, and serving for attachment to fixed objects, are styled "byssi" (plural of "byssus").<sup>1</sup> In this sense, however, the word was not used in the language of the ancients. Notwithstanding, we are under obligations to Bretschneider for his ingenious suggestion, as it will be seen that, as a matter of fact, he was quite correct in his presentiment.

Yule<sup>2</sup> connected the water-sheep of Chinese tradition with Friar Odoric's story of the vegetable lamb of the Volga. This, however, is plainly an unmethodical procedure and a chronological *saltus mortalis*,—first, as the two traditions are widely different without an attempt on the part of Yule to explain this difference; and, second, as a Chinese tradition of the third century pertaining to the Hellenistic Orient cannot be brought into direct contact with reports of mediæval European travellers, but must be correlated with coeval Hellenistic thought. Hirth<sup>3</sup> justly emphasized the wide gap of the chronological interval that separates the two events, but did not cope with the problem involved. Schlegel<sup>4</sup> attacked it in an uncritical manner, and brought new confusions into the discussion by dragging into the tangle also the camel. It is Chavannes'<sup>5</sup> merit to have clearly discriminated between the water-sheep and the so-called *Agnus scythicus* of mediæval travellers,<sup>6</sup> and to have established for the former the only correct interpretation by means of the filaments of the pinna; but, in so doing, Chavannes has recourse solely to an Arabic author, Ištakhri, of the tenth century, and reconstructs from his report a legend which should have given rise to the Chinese idea of a water-sheep. It is clear, however, that the Arabic as well as the Chinese traditions must be reducible to a Hellenistic tradition; and it is obvious alike that the Chinese notion which first appears in the "Wei lio" of the third century is not due to the Arabs, but received a direct impetus from Hellenism. It is therefore imperative to go straight to headquarters, and to study what the ancients themselves have to say about the pinna and its products.

<sup>1</sup> This bunch of silky fibres suitable for weaving projects only from one side of the animal, near the lower pointed extremity, which is fixed perpendicularly in submarine sand or rocks, the *byssus* having the function of an anchor. *Pinna* (more correctly *Pina*) is the generic name for a large family of marine mussels (*Pinnidae*), belonging to the class of *Pelecypodes*, and occurring in the Mediterranean and Indian Oceans (see P. Fischer, Manuel de conchyliologie, p. 963, Paris, 1887; and A. Hyatt, Remarks on the Pinnidae, Proc. Boston Soc. Nat. Hist., vol. xxv, 1892, pp. 335-346). The species utilized by the ancients is known as *Pinna nobilis* or *P. squamosa*.

<sup>2</sup> Cathay, vol. i, p. LVII.

<sup>3</sup> China and the Roman Orient, p. 262.

<sup>4</sup> "The Shui-yang or Water-Sheep," *l.c.*, pp. 19-32.

<sup>5</sup> T'oung Pao, 1907, p. 183, note 4.

<sup>6</sup> It will be seen in the further course of this article, however, that an historical and inner connection between the two exists, nevertheless.

First of all, it is remarkable that the classical Greek and Roman authors, while thoroughly acquainted with the pinna as a species of edible mollusk, are entirely reticent about the employment of its filaments for textiles. This industry is foreign to the classical epoch, and does not appear before the second century A.D.; it is an offshoot of Hellenistic, not of Greek culture. Aristotle, in his treatise on zoölogy (v, 15), describes the pinna as follows: "With regard to the *limnostreæ*, or lagoon oysters, wherever you have slimy mud, there you are sure to find them beginning to grow. Cockles and clams and razor-fishes and scallops grow spontaneously in sandy places. The pinna grows straight up from its tuft of anchoring fibres in sandy and slimy places. These creatures have inside them a parasite nicknamed the 'pinna-guard,' — in some cases a small carid, and in other cases a little crab. If the pinna be deprived of this pinna-guard, it soon dies." Again he says, "Some shift about from place to place, others remain permanent on one spot. Of those that keep to one spot, the pinnae are rooted to the ground. The razor-fish and the clam keep to the same locality, but are not so rooted; but still, if forcibly removed, they die." Of special importance for a consideration of the legend of the vegetable lamb (to be discussed farther on) is another passage in the same work of Aristotle (viii, 1): "Nature proceeds little by little from things lifeless to animal life in such a way that it is impossible to determine the exact line of demarcation, nor on which side thereof an intermediate form should lie. Thus next after lifeless things in the upward scale comes the plant; and of plants, one will differ from another as to its amount of apparent vitality; and, in a word, the whole genus of plants, while it is devoid of life as compared with an animal, is endowed with life as compared with other corporeal entities. Indeed, as we just remarked, there is observed in plants a continuous scale of ascent towards the animal. So, in the sea, there are certain objects concerning which one would be at a loss to determine whether they be animal or vegetable. For instance, certain of these objects are fairly rooted, and in several cases perish if detached. Thus the pinna is rooted to a particular spot, and the solen (or razor-shell) cannot survive withdrawal from its burrow. Indeed, broadly speaking, the entire genus of testaceans have a resemblance to vegetables, if they be contrasted with such animals as are capable of progression."<sup>1</sup>

Theophrastus<sup>2</sup> speaks of certain animals living only in others like those existing in the pinna; in another passage<sup>3</sup> he compares the pearl-oyster of India and the Red Sea to the pinna of the Mediterranean.

<sup>1</sup> Smith and Ross, Works of Aristotle: vol. iv, *Historia animalium*, by D'Arcy W. Thompson, pp. 547 b, 548 a, 588 b (Oxford, 1910). Aubert and Wimmer, *Aristoteles Tierkunde*, vol. i, p. 155; vol. ii, pp. 112-115.

<sup>2</sup> *De causis plantarum*, II, 17, 8 (Opera, ed. Wimmer, p. 215).

<sup>3</sup> *De lapidibus*, 36 (*Ibid.*, p. 345).



Pliny<sup>1</sup> describes the animal in the manner of Aristotle, emphasizing its parasite (*comes*) called the *pinoter*es or *pinophylax*, — a crustacea that really lives in shells,<sup>2</sup> and, according to the naïve notions of the ancients, helped the pinna toward its food-supply. The pinna, which is without eyesight, opens its shells, which are soon filled by small fish; the vigilant pinoteres gives notice to the pinna at the right moment by a gentle bite; the bivalve closes its shell, kills the captives by this pressure, and divides its booty with the companion. Aristophanes, in his "Wasps" (v. 1511), alluded to this fable; and Aelian<sup>3</sup> reiterates the same as a good story.<sup>4</sup> Neither Pliny nor Aelian, however, alludes to any textile product obtained from the pinna; and the silence of Pliny, who is well informed on the subject of textiles, is particularly significant and conclusive. The origin of pinna textiles is therefore suspected to have taken place, not in the classical world, but in the Hellenistic Orient. The "Periplus Maris Erythraei," written between A.D. 80 and 89, lends color and support to this opinion. This Greek work mentions five times under the name *πινικόν* the textile obtained from the pinna. It must be remembered that the pinna belongs to the mussels that furnish the genuine pearl; and it is my impression that the same people who were engaged in the business of the pearl-fishery in the Persian Gulf and around Ceylon also hit upon the idea of making the best possible use of the by-product of the filaments. The technique of byssus textiles grew as a side-issue out of the pearl-industry. This is confirmed by the data of the "Periplus," which mentions the pearl-oyster of the Persian Gulf as *πινίκιος κόγχος* ("pina conch"),<sup>5</sup> and the byssus textiles as *πινικόν*, being exported from the place, styled the "emporium of Apologus," and from Ommana to Barygaza, the important trading-port in the Dekkan, but inferior to those of India.<sup>6</sup> The *πινικόν* is likewise a product of Taprobane

<sup>1</sup> IX, 42, § 142.

<sup>2</sup> Compare O. Keller, *Antike Tierwelt*, vol. ii, p. 488. According to Isidorus of Charax (in a fragment preserved by Athenæus, III, 46), this parasite lives also in the mouth of the oyster-shell (see text and translation in W. H. Schoff, *Parthian Stations by Isidore of Charax*, pp. 10-11, Philadelphia, 1914).

<sup>3</sup> *Hist. anim.*, III, 29.

<sup>4</sup> Also Cicero (*De finibus*, III, 19; and *De natura deorum*, II, 48) and Horapollo (*Hieroglyphica*, II, 108) have noted it (compare J. Beckmann, *De historia naturali veterum*, p. 239).

<sup>5</sup> § 35 (ed. of Fabricius, p. 74); compare also § 59 (p. 102).

<sup>6</sup> It is wrong, as translated by W. H. Schoff (*Periplus of the Erythraean Sea*, pp. 36, 46, 47), to speak in this case of "pearls;" for the pearl is called *μάργαρον*, *μαργαρίτης*, etc., and the Periplus itself (§ 56) styles the pearl *μαργαρίτης*. The word *πινικόν*, however, is a derivative from *πίνα* designating the animal as a species, not any part of it. Certainly the total animal itself was not subjected to exportation, but only those portions useful in mercantile enterprise; that is, the pearls and the byssi or filaments. Consequently the term can but refer to the latter, and denotes either the raw material destined for weaving

(Ceylon; § 61), and the product is traded to a port on the Ganges (§ 63). When and exactly in what locality these textiles were first made, we have no means of ascertaining precisely; but the "Periplus," written at Alexandria toward the end of the first century, contains the earliest conspicuous allusion to their existence, and in general determines their geographical area in the Oriental sphere along the lines of Indo-Persian commerce.<sup>1</sup> I would not emphasize so strongly, however, the point that fine cloths of this substance were made exclusively in India, as has been done by J. Yates.<sup>2</sup> Without invalidating or corroborating this inference, we should keep in mind that nothing about such a textile is known to us from India, ancient or modern; and, in view of the deep-rooted Hindu aversion to the taking of animal life, I even have the feeling that a textile secured from an animal, whose death for this purpose was necessarily involved, could not well have been an Indian idea, at least in its origin not a Hindu invention. The unknown author of the "Periplus," not having himself visited India, can hardly be regarded as an authority on Indian subjects, unless his statements may be checked or confirmed by other sources; also his text has been handed down to us in a bad condition, and in many cases is open to doubt and conjecture. The question of the local origin must therefore be held in abeyance; and its definition, as stated, is to be restricted to the maritime expanse of the Erythrean Sea (bordered by the littorals of Arabia, Persia, and India) rather than extended to any particular territorial or ethnical group.<sup>3</sup> It is therefore

or the ready-made woven product. Lassen (*Indische Altertumskunde*, vol. iii, p. 46), Fabricius (p. 77), and Blümner (*Technologie*, vol. i, 2d ed., p. 204), have decided in favor of the latter, and I concur with them in this opinion. Fabricius, it is true, is not wholly consistent in his interpretation, for in § 59 he renders *κολύμβησις τοῦ πινικῶ* by "capture of pearls," and at the end of this chapter *πινικῶν* by "*Steckmuschel*," whereas J. Yates (in his classical work *Textrinum Antiquorum, An Account of the Art of Weaving among the Ancients*, p. 158, London, 1843) upholds the meaning of byssus textiles for this very chapter (his interpretation of *σινδῶν ἐβαργαπέτις* as "fine cloth obtained from shells yielding pearls," of course, is untenable [see Fabricius, p. 104, note 1]).—In the British Museum there are two Greek bronze figures with the head of an Ethiopian, or negro, clasping a pinna which they have just brought up (H. B. Walters, *Cat. of the Bronzes in the Dept. of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, *Brit. Mus.*, p. 269, Nos. 1674, 1675).

<sup>1</sup> In the Greek papyri the byssus textiles have not yet been pointed out. We owe to Th. Reil (*Beiträge zur Kenntnis des Gewerbes im hellenistischen Ägypten*, pp. 116-122) a complete list of the textiles mentioned in the papyri, among which no reference to the pinna occurs.

<sup>2</sup> *Textrinum Antiquorum*, pp. 157-159, with reference to § 59 of the Periplus.

<sup>3</sup> In fact, none of the Greek writers to be cited presently mentions a locality where the weaving of pinna fibres was carried on. It has commonly been said that the manufacture took place at Tarentum in southern Italy; but this statement is advanced for no other reason than that the pinna is obtained, and the fabrication principally conducted, at Taranto in modern times. There is, however, no direct evidence that this place was the seat of the ancient industry. On the contrary, as set forth above, the evidence available points to the Orient. There are now two processes of catching the pinna in the Gulf of

logical that we find the first knowledge of this material in Hellas during the second century, where it had meanwhile apparently arrived from the Orient.

The first Greek author to testify to the fabrication of textiles from the pinna fibres is the sophist Alciphron of the second century, who, in the collection of his letters,<sup>1</sup> styles them "woollen stuffs out of the sea" (*τὰ ἐκ τῆς θαλάσσης ἕρια*).<sup>2</sup> The principal wool-furnishing animal of the ancients was the sheep; and the term used by Alciphron is either the index of a belief existing at that time in a marine sheep that furnished the wool of the pinna, or directly responsible for the formation of such a notion. The same idea turns up in Father Tertullian (born about A.D. 160; according to others, *circa* 155—*circa* 222), who, speaking of the materials used in weaving, observes, "Nor was it enough to comb and to sow the materials for a tunic. It was necessary also to fish for one's dress; for fleeces are obtained from the sea where shells of extraordinary size are furnished with tufts of mossy hair."<sup>3</sup> The Chinese terms "water-sheep" and "cloth from the west of the sea" (or "cloth from within the sea") and the Arabic designation "wool of the sea"<sup>4</sup> are immediately to be connected with the descriptions of Alciphron and Tertullian, and present the outflow of that Hellenistic tradition which inspired their statements. The water-sheep of the

Taranto,—by diving and by fishing. The latter method is performed by means of the *pernonico*, which consists of two semicircular bars of iron fastened together at the ends. At one end is a wooden pole; at the other end, a ring and cord. The fishermen bring their boat over the place where the pinna is seen through the clear water, let down the *pernonico*, and, having loosened the pinna by embracing it with the iron bars and twisting it round, draw it up to the boat (compare J. Yates, *Textrinum Antiquorum*, pp. 152-154). According to P. Petrucchi (*Novo dizionario della lingua italiana*, vol. ii, p. 316, Milano, 1902), large quantities of the filaments are gathered on the coasts of Sardinia, under the name *nàcchera* or *pelo di nàcchera*.

<sup>1</sup> *Epistolae*, I, 2, 3 (Hercher, *Epistolographi Graeci*, p. 44, Paris, 1873).

<sup>2</sup> Compare Blümner, *Technologie*, vol. i, 2d ed., p. 204; and O. Keller, *Antike Tierwelt*, vol. ii, p. 549. In the ancient Glossaries we find *πιννιον* in the sense of *marinum*, that is, *vellus marinum* ("sea-wool"); and *pinnosum* = *laniosum*.

<sup>3</sup> *Nec fuit satis tunicam pangere et serere, ni etiam piscari vestitum contigisset: nam et de mari vellera, quo mucosae lanusitatis plautiores conchae comant* (*Liber de pallio*, III, *Patrologia latina*, ed Migne, vol. ii, col. 1093). I have adopted the translation of J. Yates, *Textrinum Antiquorum*, p. 155. Tertullian's treatise *De pallio* contains a defence of his wearing the pallium instead of the toga, and belongs to the group of his works which were written later than the year 208.

<sup>4</sup> This term is certainly older than the time of Ibn al-Baiṭār (1197-1248), who merely was a compiler and translator, and who derives his notes on the pinna from "the book called 'er-Rihla.'" *Rihla* (that is, "The Voyage") was the work of al-Baiṭār's teacher, Abu'l Abbās, styled en-Nebāti ("the Botanist"), born in Sevilla, where he died in 1239. He traversed Spain as a collecting botanist, extended his excursions into Arabia, Syria, and Irak, and laid down the results of his explorations in the work mentioned, which is unfortunately lost, and only preserved in the citations compiled from it by al-Baiṭār (see the introduction of L. Leclerc, *Traité des simples*, vol. i, p. v).

Chinese records is by no means a Chinese invention, but the spontaneous reproduction of a popular term current in the Hellenistic Orient. It was there that the raw material employed in the textile products yielded by the pinna filaments was styled "water (or marine) sheep," or "marine wool," — a mental process suggested by the same spirit that nicknamed "goats" the close-textured sponges which are particularly hard and rough.<sup>1</sup> The Italians still call the fibres *lana pesce* or *lana penna*; that is, "fish wool," or "pinna wool."

Basilus the Great (Basilius Megas, 329 or 331-379), Bishop of Caesarea in Cappadocia, in one of his homilies, dilates on the wonders of the sea, pointing to the coral which grows in the water as an herb, but, taken up into the air, assumes the solidity of stone; and to the pearl which is hidden in an animal of low order, yet is craved by the treasuries of kings, the oyster-shells being scattered around along coasts and rough rocks. On this occasion he speaks also with admiration of "the pinna's raising a golden fleece which none of the dyers was hitherto able to imitate."<sup>2</sup> Another Greek ecclesiastic writer<sup>3</sup> even says that the product of the pinna is superior to sheep-wool. The Byzantine historian Procopius of the sixth century, in his work "Ctismata," dealing with the buildings executed or restored by the Emperor Justinian,<sup>4</sup> informs us that Armenia was governed by five hereditary satraps, who received their insignia from the Roman Emperor. Among these was a chlamys made from wool, — not from the wool, however, obtained from sheep, but from wool gathered out of the sea. The animals in which the outgrowth of the wool originates are usually styled *pinnoi*.<sup>5</sup> Accordingly the notion of marine fleece, and comparison of it with sheep-wool, were constantly awake in the minds of Greek authors. The description of the wool as "gold-colored" by Basilus answers the facts.<sup>6</sup>

Of Arabic authors, we owe the most interesting description of the pinna to Abu'l Abbās, to whom reference has already been made. This author, though to a certain extent under the influence of Greek tradition, as shown by his term "marine wool," evidently speaks from personal observation enriched by information gathered during his travels. We shall revert to his account later, in another connection.

<sup>1</sup> Aristotle, *Hist. anim.*, v, 16 (fol. 548 b).

<sup>2</sup> Πόθεν τὸ χρυσοῦν ἔριον αἱ πίνναι τρέφουσιν, *ἑπερ οὐδέτις τῶν ἀνορθαφῶν μέχρι νῦν ἐμμήσατο* (Homilia VII in Hexaemeron; *Patrologia*, ed. Migne, vol. xxix, col. 161).

<sup>3</sup> Cited by Blümner, *Technologie*, vol. i, 2d ed., p. 204, note 8.

<sup>4</sup> *Περὶ κτισμάτων*, III, I (written after 558).

<sup>5</sup> Χλαμὺς ἡ ἐξ ἔριων πεποιημένη, οὐχ οἷα τῶν [προβατίων] ἐκπέφυκεν, ἀλλ' ἐκ θαλάσσης συνειλεγμένων πίννων τὰ ζῶα καλεῖν νεοῖκασι, ἐν αἷς ἡ τῶν ἔριων ἔκφυσις γίνεται.

<sup>6</sup> There is a muff of dark gold color, made from byssus-fibres at Taranto, in the collections of the Field Museum; also a pair of gloves and a cap knitted from the same material. The latter specimens have a dull cinnamon-brown color, without gloss.

The oldest Arabic account of byssus textiles, already pointed out by Chavannes, is that of Iṣṭakhri, who wrote about 951. His story, according to M. Reinaud's<sup>1</sup> translation, is worded as follows: "At a certain period of the year an animal is seen running out of the sea and rubbing itself against certain stones of the littoral, whereupon it deposits a kind of wool of silken hue and golden color.<sup>2</sup> This wool is very rare and highly esteemed, and nothing of it is allowed to waste. It is gathered and serves for the weaving of tissues that are now dyed in various tinges. The Ommayad princes who then ruled at Cordova reserved for themselves the use of this wool; only surreptitiously a small portion of it may be abstracted. A robe made of this wool costs more than a thousand gold-pieces." The same story is repeated by Qazwīnī (1203-83), who localizes it at Santarem, a city in Spain on the Tajo, near Bāga and on the coast of the sea: "One of the wonders of this sea is what is told regarding a certain animal which there comes out of the water to rub itself on the shore, whereby its hair falls out; these have the color of gold and the softness of *khezz*.<sup>3</sup> These are rare and highly esteemed, for which reason the people gather them and weave them into clothes. The kings prevent their exportation, which can be done but secretly. The value of a garment amounts to more than a thousand gold-pieces owing to its beauty and rarity." Maqdisī has exactly the same notice as Qazwīnī, but adds a new name for the animal in the form *abū qalamūn*, which is derived from Middle-Greek ὑποκάλαμον, and says that the garments glitter in different colors on the same day.<sup>4</sup>

The most curious development of the Arabic notions regarding byssus textiles was that these were ultimately taken for the plumage of a bird,

<sup>1</sup> Géographie d'Aboulféda, vol. ii, pt. 2, p. 242. The text is in De Goeje, Bibl. Geogr. Arab., p. 42; it has been translated also by Dózy, Supplément des dict. arabes, p. 853.

<sup>2</sup> This, of course, is a fabulous story, the *raison d'être* of which will be discussed below. In fact, the shells must be opened, and the filaments are cut off from the gland. When the bottom of the sea is sandy, the shell with its bunch of silky fibres may easily be extracted; but in rushy and muddy sea-bottoms they stick so fast as to be generally broken in being drawn up. In Italy the "wool" is twice washed in tepid water, once in soap and water, and again in tepid water, then spread on a table to dry. While yet moist, it is rubbed and separated with the hand, and again spread on the table. When quite dry, a wide comb of bone is drawn through it; afterwards this process is repeated with a narrow comb. The material destined for very fine work is combed also with iron combs called *scarde* (cards). It is then spun with a distaff and spindle. The threads are now almost universally knit, a technique unknown to the ancients (compare J. Yates, *Texturum Antiquorum*, pp. 154-155).

<sup>3</sup> According to G. Jacob (*Handelsartikel*, pp. 45-47), furs of the beaver, and also the name for a silken material. It seems to me that this word is the result of a fusion of two originally different words (compare Hindustani *kesh* ["hair"] and *khar* ["filoselle silk"]) and H. Blochmann's note in his translation of *Ain I Akbari* [vol. i, p. 92].

<sup>4</sup> G. Jacob, *Studien in arabischen Geographien*, vol. ii, pp. 60, 61. The Arabic-Greek word is evidently connected with the name "chameleon."

and that a bird species was construed which was alleged to yield the product of the pinna. Qazwīnī opens his chapter on ornithology with the description of a bird, styled *abū barāqish*, "being of fine shape, of long neck and feet, with a red bill, and of the size of a stork; every hour its plumage glitters in another color, — red, yellow, green, blue. In imitation of the color of this bird are woven garments styled *abū qalamūn* and exported from the land of the Romaei. Only for its color and shape this bird is noteworthy; of its functions and the medical properties of its parts nothing has come to my knowledge."<sup>1</sup> It is no wonder that, as said by Jacob, even Damīrī did not know what kind of bird should be understood by *abū barāqish*;<sup>2</sup> for, in my opinion, this bird is plainly fictitious, and reconstructed on the basis of real and alleged byssus textiles. How and why this was accomplished is obvious also. There are linguistic and commercial reasons for this metamorphosis. The word *pinna* (properly *pina*), the name for the bivalve in question, is likewise the classical Latin form for the subsequent word *penna* ("feather"),<sup>3</sup> and this ambiguity may have given rise among the Arabs to the conception of the filaments of the pinna as bird-plumage, — a conception easily furthered by the strong mutual resemblance of the two substances. Abu'l Abbās,<sup>4</sup> in his description of the pinna, says that it terminates in a point resembling the beak of a bird. On the other hand, as stated by Qazwīnī, textiles obtained from the pinna were exceedingly scarce, made stealthily, and were a sort of royal prerogative. Their exorbitant price was prohibitive to the masses. Feather fabrics were accordingly passed off as byssus weavings, and a wonderful bird was invented to boom the sale of this product. The real existence of such feather fabrics in western Asia is attested by Chinese sources.<sup>5</sup> Such makeshifts must have been in vogue as

<sup>1</sup> G. Jacob, *Studien in arabischen Geographien*, vol. ii, p. 97.

<sup>2</sup> Damīrī says that it is a certain bird like the sparrow, assuming various colors, and that it is applied to a changing and variable disposition (*A. S. G. Jayakar, Ad-Damīrī's Hayāt al-Hayawān*, vol. i, p. 352, Bombay, 1906). This description is difficult to reconcile with Qazwīnī's stork.

<sup>3</sup> In modern Italian the words *penna* and *pinna* are interchangeable.

<sup>4</sup> L. Leclerc, *Traité des simples*, vol. i, p. 387.

<sup>5</sup> The Arabic word *suf* ("wool" or "down") that we met in the term *suf el-bahr* ("marine wool") for the byssus of the pinna, passed from the days of the Mongol period into the Chinese language in the form *su-fu* or *so-fu* (variously written; see Watters, *Essays on the Chinese Language*, p. 355). In the *Annals of the Yüan Dynasty* (*Yüan shi*, ch. 78) it is mentioned as the cloth worn by the grandsons of the sovereign, and described as the finest of the woollen fabrics of the Mohammedans. The *Geography of the Ming* (*Ta Ming i t'ung chi*, ch. 89, fol. 24 a, ed. of 1461) defines *so-fu* as a textile made from bird's-down with designs as found in open-work, variegated silk (compare Bretschneider, *Mediaeval Researches*, vol. ii, p. 258). An author, Chu Tsé-min, ascribes *so-fu* also to the country Fu-lin (Syria), saying that it is made from twisted hair which is dyed a dull green, and that on being washed it does not fade out (*Ko chi king yüan*, ch. 27, p. 16 b). *So-fu* was sent to China from Samarkand in 1392, from Ispahan in 1483, and from Lu-mi (Rum, Byzance)

early as the ninth century, in the time of Iṣṭakhri; for this author's statement that the pinna textures were then dyed in various colors is highly suspicious. A genuine pinna stuff would most assuredly not have been subjected to this vandalizing process, apt to destroy its original appearance. The Greek authors insist on the golden color and the silky quality of the byssus of the pinna, and these properties constituted the merit of the fabric for the sake of which it was craved. Basilius the Great, Bishop of Caesarea in the fourth century, accentuated the fact that none of the dyers could imitate the golden wool raised by the pinna; and a Syriac work wrongly ascribed to Aristotle, dealing with objects of natural history and partially based on Basilius' writings, says still more explicitly that "there are no dyers so clever in their work that they could accomplish something similar after the model of the colors of the pinna."<sup>1</sup> These passages show that from

in 1548 and 1554 (Bretschneider, *l.c.*, pp. 258, 291, 308). The feather fabrics *suf*, therefore, seem to have been in vogue in the Byzantine Empire and Persia. Dr. A. Yohannan, lecturer at Columbia University (a Persian by birth), told me that he himself had seen in Persia the manufacture of these textiles from bird's-down. The same industry is met with among the tribes of the Hindu Kush. We owe this information to J. Biddulph (Tribes of the Hindoo Koosh, p. 74, Calcutta, 1880): "A curious kind of cloth is sometimes woven out of bird's-down. That of wild fowl and of the great vulture is most generally used. The down is twisted into coarse thread, which is then woven like ordinary cloth. Robes made of it are very warm, but always have a fluffy uncomfortable look, suggestive of dirt. They are made only in the houses of those in good circumstances." It should not be supposed, however, that the Chinese made the first acquaintance with feather fabrics in consequence of their trade with Arabs and Persians. Such were indeed manufactured in China from ancient times, though we are ignorant of the technique employed, which may have been different from that practised in western Asia. In a study of asbestos and the salamander (to be published in the T'oung Pao) the writer has shown that this industry played a signal rôle also among the aboriginal tribes of southern China. In view of the fact that it is widely distributed in ancient America, it would be an important task to study in detail the exact history and the geographical and ethnographical diffusion of the industry in Asia (my reference, of course, is strictly applied to the use of feathers for weavings, not for mosaics or any other ornamental purpose). For the benefit of Orientalists not familiar with the literature on America, the following brief indications may serve as an aid to preliminary information. Franz Boas (Second General Report on the Indians of British Columbia, p. 14, in Sixth Report on the North-Western Tribes of Canada, 1890) states, in regard to the Lkufgen tribe on Vancouver Island, "Blankets are woven of mountain-goat wool, dog-hair, and duck-down mixed with dog-hair. The downs are peeled, the quill being removed, after which the downs are mixed with dog-hair. A variety of dogs with long white hair was raised for this purpose; it has been extinct for some time. The hair which is to be spun is first prepared with pipe-clay." W. H. Holmes (Prehistoric Textile Art, Thirteenth Annual Report, Bureau of Ethnology, p. 27) observes, "Feather work was one of the most remarkable arts of the natives of Mexico and other southern countries at the period of the conquest. The feathers were sometimes woven in with the wool and sometimes applied to a network base after the fashion of embroidery. Rarely, it may be imagined, were either spun or unspun fabrics woven of feathers alone." Compare further W. Hough, Culture of the Ancient Pueblos of the Upper Gila River Region (U. S. Nat. Mus. Bull. 87, pp. 71-72, Washington, 1914).

<sup>1</sup> Syriac *pūnūs*. See K. Ahrens, Buch der Naturgegenstände, p. 75.

the fourth century onward dyers had indeed attempted to produce imitation pinna stuffs, but that their efforts were unsuccessful; certainly they did not utilize byssus in these experiments, but some other inferior fabric of a similar appearance. In the ninth century these reproductions had evidently advanced beyond the experimental stage, and deluded the public. The dyed byssus fabrics mentioned by Ištakhri, indeed, are makeshifts, and as shown by Qazwīnī, in all likelihood, must have been textiles woven from bird's feathers. This is borne out also by Maqdisi's statement that the garments glitter in different colors on the same day, which is true only of feather fabrics, not, however, of byssus textiles. The latter do not glitter at all, but have a uniform gold-brown or dull-cinnamon hue. The fact that woven bird's-plumage represents a very close resemblance to pinna tissues may be gauged from Chinese descriptions of feather weavings, in which almost the same descriptive elements are used as by the Arabic authors in their references to pinna. A few examples may be cited from Chinese records. In the period Shang-yüan (674-676) of the T'ang dynasty, the Princess Ngan-lo<sup>1</sup> had two skirts made in the Shang-fang.<sup>2</sup> They were woven from the down of various kinds of birds. When viewed in front, the weaving presented a definite color; when viewed sideways, another color; when viewed in the sunlight, again another color; and when viewed in the shade, again a diverse color; while the forms of the various birds were visible in the skirts. One of these she presented to the Empress Wei.<sup>3</sup> The "Lang huan ki," a work of the Mongol period, contains the following: "Phoenix-feather gold (*fêng mao kin*) means the feathers growing beneath the neck of the phoenix; they are like ribbons and glittering like gold, being matchless and as fine and soft as silk floss. In the spring the feathers drop to the foot of the mountains. The people gather them and weave them into gold brocade that bears the name 'phoenix-feather gold.' At the time of the Emperor Ming (713-755) people of the country brought such feathers as tribute, and many garments were adorned with them in the palace; at night they emitted a brilliant light. Only Yang Kuei-fei<sup>4</sup> was presented with a sufficient quantity to have them made into a dress and a screen, dazzling like sunlight."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A daughter of the Emperor Chung-tsung; she died in 710 (Giles, Biographical Dictionary, p. 3).

<sup>2</sup> The imperial factories supplying the wants of the reigning house.

<sup>3</sup> Kiu T'ang shu, ch. 37, p. 13.

<sup>4</sup> The favorite court-lady of the Emperor Ming, who died in 756 (Giles, Biographical Dictionary, p. 708).

<sup>5</sup> The text is in T'u shu tsi ch'êng, iv, 197, kung hien pu ki shi 3, p. 1 b. — D. J. Macgowan (American Journal of Science and Arts, 2d ser., vol. xviii, 1854, p. 156) mentions women's jackets composed of the feathered head-skins of peacocks, made in Shen-si. He describes the prevailing tints of these garments as green and blue, of resplendent metallic lustre, of varying intensity, mutually changing into each other, or shotted according as the light falls upon them in different directions.



In the Annals of the T'ang Dynasty (618-906) we meet another tradition, which at first sight is widely different from the older story of the water-sheep, but on closer examination proves to be an interesting continuation or further development of it. This new tradition hailed from the country of Fu-lin (Syria, with the probable inclusion of Byzance), as the former came from Ta Ts'in, the Hellenistic Orient, and is worded as follows: "There are lambs engendered in the soil. The inhabitants wait till they are going to sprout, and then build enclosures around as a preventive measure for wild beasts that might rush in from outside to devour them.<sup>1</sup> The umbilical cord of the lambs is attached to the soil, and when forcibly cut off, they will die. The people donning cuirasses and mounted on horseback beat drums to frighten them. The lambs shriek from fear, and thus their umbilical cord is ruptured. Thereupon they set out in search of water and pasture."<sup>2</sup>

Chavannes<sup>3</sup> has been so fortunate as to discover an earlier version of this legend in the commentary which Chang Shou-tsie published in 737 on the historical memoirs of Se-ma Ts'ien. This author cites the "I wu chi" of Sung Ying as follows: "In the north of Ts'in, in a small canton dependent on it, there are lambs spontaneously engendered in the soil. Awaiting the moment when they are ready to sprout, the people build enclosures around them, for fear lest they might be devoured by wild beasts. Their umbilical cord is attached to the ground, and its forcible cutting will cause the animal's death. Instruments are therefore beaten to frighten the lambs which shriek in terror, so that the umbilical cord breaks. Thereupon they set out in search of water and pasture, and form herds." This version has doubtless emanated from the same source as that of the Old T'ang Annals, with which it substantially agrees, except that the equestrian

<sup>1</sup> "Shepherds in the East lead a lonely and romantic life. They wander with their flocks far from human habitations, in order to bring them to pasture, and also because it is necessary for them to watch over them by night, to protect them from wild beasts. The sheep are usually on these occasions driven into a fold which is merely a space enclosed with a loose stone wall. Sometimes, where possible, a cave is selected. A doorway is formed in the boundary wall where one exists" (H. C. Hart, *Animals mentioned in the Bible*, p. 196). In the same manner the sheepcotes of the ancient Israelites appear to have been open enclosures walled round, in which the sheep were guarded from the scorching heat at noon and from beasts of prey at night (Numbers xxxii.16; 2 Samuel vii.8; Jeremiah xxiii.3; John x.1-5).

<sup>2</sup> Kiu T'ang shu, ch. 198, p. 12. In the New Annals of the T'ang (Sin T'ang shu, ch. 221 B, p. 8) the following version is given: "In the northern districts there are sheep growing in the soil, their umbilical cord rooting in the ground and causing their death when cut. It is therefore the practice to gallop around on caparisoned horses and to frighten the animals by beating drums. Their umbilical cord is thus ruptured, and they set out in search of water and pasture, without being able, however, to form flocks (or, they are not gregarious)."

<sup>3</sup> T'oung Pao, 1907, p. 183.

feat of the armored shepherds is lacking. Further, the locality is not laid in Fu-lin, but in the north of Ts'in. Obviously we have to make a slight emendation in the text, and to read "Ta Ts'in" in lieu of plain "Ts'in," which would consequently carry this version also into western Asia. That this conjecture is correct, is visible from two other texts. Ma Tuan-lin has reproduced the passage of Chang Shou-tsie, and arrayed it in the chapter on Ta Ts'in;<sup>1</sup> consequently Ma Tuan-lin must have encountered the reading "Ta Ts'in" in the edition of Chang which was before him.<sup>2</sup> Further, the "Pei hu lu," written by Tuan Kung-lu about 875,<sup>3</sup> explicitly naturalizes the same story in Ta Ts'in.<sup>4</sup> It is therefore possible that the oldest version of the legend, when it first penetrated into China, was labelled as originating from Ta Ts'in; that is to say, that it was transmitted to China before the beginning of the sixth century, when the name "Fu-lin" made its début.

I propose to examine this curious legend without any bias toward speculations which have previously been advanced. It is obvious that any rationalistic explanation evolved from our mind cannot render it justice, but that it must be explained from the thought developments of Ta Ts'in and Fu-lin. The failure of the former efforts is chiefly due to the neglect of this regard to cultural environment. The understanding of an idea generated in Ta Ts'in or Fu-lin cannot be approached by having recourse to a rumor of mediæval travellers, or still more recent authors, pertaining to totally different localities.

The student of folk-lore and the trained observer will be conscious of two points,—first that the germ of a fact or observation relative to natural history underlies the legend; and, second, that, as not all its constituents can satisfactorily be explained from natural events, it must have been construed with a certain end in view, which may have an allegorical purport or religious cause. Let us first discuss the zoölogical background. It is the question of a certain peculiar kind of

<sup>1</sup> Hirth, *China and the Roman Orient*, pp. 79, 115.

<sup>2</sup> As Ma Tuan-lin joined this story to his chapter on Ta Ts'in, he naturally suppressed the addition "Ta Ts'in" in the beginning of the story, but otherwise opened it exactly in Chang's words, — "in a small canton dependent on it in the north." The only divergences in Ma Tuan-lin's text are the omission of the phrase that the lambs shriek in terror, and the alteration at the end, "they do not form herds," — the latter point in agreement with the text in the *Sin T'ang shu*.

<sup>3</sup> Pelliot, *Bull. de l'Ecole française*, vol. ix, p. 223.

<sup>4</sup> The version of this work, which is in T'u shu tsi ch'eng (section on sheep, *hui k'ao* 2, p. 16 b), has heretofore not been utilized for the study of the legend. Besides the specific definition of Ta Ts'in, it has another interesting feature, inasmuch as it entitles the animal "earth-born sheep" (*ti shêng yang*) from which the lamb originates. The text runs thus: "In Ta Ts'in there is the earth-born sheep. Its lamb is born in the earth. The inhabitants build enclosures all around the lambs. Their umbilical cord is attached to the soil, and when forcibly cut, the animal will die. By means of equestrian stunts and drum-beating they frighten the lambs, that shriek from fear when their umbilical cord breaks off. Thereupon they set out in search of water and pasture."

lamb<sup>1</sup> (the word is used advisedly) characteristic of Fu-lin (Syria), and formerly also of Ta Ts'in (the Roman or Hellenistic Orient). The growth of this lamb is described in terms referring partly to a plant and partly to an animal. The primordial generation in the soil evidently is derived from the planting of a seed.<sup>2</sup> The word *mêng* ("to sprout, shoot forth") used in the Chinese text is exclusively employed in regard to vegetation, never to fauna. Fields as well as flocks may be safeguarded by fences, but only the latter for protection from raids of wild beasts, that as a rule are not interested in the crops. Again, the umbilical cord is an animal organ, and plants are not impressed by the beating of drums. From that act of release onward, the creature retains its pure animal character to the end. We need not for a moment trouble our thoughts about the question of the "to be or not to be" in nature, of such a being. This point of view is immaterial; while the issue at stake is whether a zoöphyte of this peculiar character and description existed in the scientific knowledge or popular lore of the Hellenistic Orient. Indeed, it existed, and has already been introduced to us by Aristotle, in his "History of Animals" (VII, 1) quoted *in extenso* on p. 106. In this passage the father of all zoölogical science dilates on the boundary-lines between plant and animal life, where the plant ascends toward the animal, and the animal descends toward the plant. At this point, according to Aristotle, it is difficult to discriminate with absolute certainty between animal and plant; and he cites as illustration of this doctrine the example of the pinna, which, devoid of motion, is rooted like a plant to a fixed spot, and must perish when detached from its intrenchment. That the pinna was conceived during the Hellenistic epoch as a wool-furnishing sheep, has already been demonstrated with sufficient evidence from both the Hellenic and Chinese camp. Thus we are enabled to grasp an essential point of our legend: the lamb engendered in the soil and firmly attached to it by means of its umbilical cord, which when forcibly cut off will cause the animal's death, represents a metamorphosis of the biological condition of the pinna, as described by Aristotle, — the umbilical cord which befits a mammal taking the place and being the transformation of the byssus.<sup>3</sup> It is needless to insist on the fact that Aristotle was the great

<sup>1</sup> Only the Sin T'ang shu speaks of sheep.

<sup>2</sup> The verb *shêng* of course is not conclusive, as it is used with reference to both plants and animals. Hirth and Schlegel take it in the sense of "to grow," which is not necessary; Chavannes more correctly translates "*naissent dans le sol.*" The word plainly refers to the very initial stage in the formation of the organism; Pliny would say in this case "*nascuntur in terra.*"

<sup>3</sup> There is accordingly a positive historical interrelation of the water-sheep of old and the vegetable lamb, which Chavannes (T'oung Pao, 1907, p. 183) has denied, merely on the ground that in the case of the latter the question is never of water. The lack of the attribute "water," however, does not constitute a fundamental or characteristic diver-

universal teacher of natural history to all subsequent generations, and that his works translated into Arabic were worshipped like a fetich in the Orient.<sup>1</sup> How the further elements of the legend were formed we are allowed to recognize from the accounts of the Arabs. We remember that Iṣṭakhri and Qazwīnī relate the story regarding the pinna, that at a certain time of the year it comes out of the sea and deposits its wool by rubbing itself against the rocks of the shore. Consequently the belief prevailed that the pinna was not deprived of its

genae, but is merely a chronological difference due to the further development of the legend. In the Hellenistic stage of development correlative with the Han epoch the matter was still fairly rational, the pinna being regarded as the water-sheep, in the manner rather of a metaphorical expression than of a palpably convincing notion of reality. Yet beliefs spread and grow, and in the fifth or sixth century the basic origin was forgotten; the water-sheep, owing to its equipment with a navel, the seat of its life, then could no longer be believed to exist in the sea, but was wrested from the watery element to be transplanted into solid land and to grow into a veritable, full-fledged ovine species equipped with phenomena of plant-growth. According to the nature-philosophy of the ancients, there was no difficulty in associating an umbilical cord with the life of plants: not only was this organ compared with the root of a plant, but also the stalks of tree-fruits, particularly the figs, and the germs of seeds were straightway called *ὀμφαλός* or *umbilicus* (the evidence is collected by W. H. Roscher, "Omphalos," pp. 7-8, *Abhandl. sächs. Ges. d. Wiss.*, vol. xxix, No. 4, 1913; and R. Meringer, *Wörter und Sachen*, vol. v, 1913, p. 63; compare also the same journal, vol. vi, 1914, p. 144; both Roscher and Meringer, in their admirable studies of *Omphalos*, have neglected the legend in question, which we trust will furnish them with additional material in the prosecution of their highly interesting researches). On the other hand, Aristotle (*Hist. anim.*, 1, 54) designates the animal *Omphalos* as the "root of the abdomen" (*μερὰ δὲ τὸν θώρακα ἐν τοῖς προσθίοις γαστήρ, καὶ ταύτης ῥίζα ὀμφαλός*). There is a still deeper reason to be discussed below as to why the water-sheep was ultimately transformed into a land-animal.

<sup>1</sup> In general, compare the interesting essay of William M. Sloane, "Aristotle and the Arabs" (*Classical Studies in Honor of Henry Drisler*, pp. 257-268, New York, 1894). It has already been demonstrated by H. E. Stapleton, one of the most successful students of Arabic alchemy (in his treatise "Sal-Ammoniac: a Study in Primitive Chemistry," *Mem. As. Soc. of Bengal*, vol. i, 1905, pp. 28, 36), that one of the essential features of this science, inherited from Greek alchemy, was the re-establishment of a belief in the strong interrelation of animals, plants, and minerals, in the paramount unity of the world of nature. "No strict line of demarcation separated plants and minerals from animals and man; all were looked upon as closely related units of a single whole." Stapleton quotes two characteristic examples from Berthelot's *La Chimie au moyen âge*. A Syro-Arabic text of the tenth or eleventh century says, "We can bring it about that a vegetable turns into an animal, and that an animal produces another animal. Take, for example, hair. When human hair putrefies, after a time it becomes a live snake. In the same way, the flesh of an ox changes into bees and hornets; an egg becomes a dragon; the raven engenders flies. Many things, by the process of putrefaction and transformation, engender animal species. From the putrefaction of plants originate certain animals." According to the Arabic alchemist Tughrāī, who died in 1121, seeds are produced by planting the horns of hoofed animals. Still older examples are found in the *Kitāb al-Hayawān* of al-Gāhiz, who died in 869; he discussed the origin of flies from beans, vermin from ordure, wasps from the marrow of palms, etc. (E. Wiedemann, "Zur Alchemie bei den Arabern," *Journal für praktische Chemie*, vol. 76, 1907, p. 73).

byssi through human agency, but voluntarily abandoned them, thus saving its own life. For another and still more specific statement of the case we are indebted to the Arabic botanist and traveller Abu'l Abbās, who died in 1239 at Sevilla, and who says in his work "Rihla,"<sup>1</sup> "The inhabitants of the shores where the pinna is caught told me that a marine animal, a crustacea, captures this mollusk; that it spies the latter in the low water as soon as the pinna lets its wool escape; that it then pounces down upon the pinna and subsists on it to the exclusion of every other animal." This story opens our eyes to another feature of the Chinese legend: the frightening of the lamb on the part of men who don cuirasses with the intention of enforcing the rupture of the lamb's umbilical cord through a psychological process operating in the lamb's mind. In the original animal fable these cuirassed men were crustacea, the shelly crusts of which were subsequently transmuted into cuirasses; they terrified the pinna, which, taken aback at the sight of the enemy, dropped its byssi. These byssi drifted ashore, where they were picked up by men for the purpose known to us. The essence of the Chinese story, as far as it is originally founded on a pure animal fable, is therefore not difficult to reconstruct: it is based on the alleged struggle between pinna and crab, combined with Aristotle's discussion of the pinna's biological functions. In the Chinese version, moreover, the idea crops out that the wool of the dead lamb is useless, that while alive the lamb must be shorn. The story as recorded by the Chinese, certainly, — and in view of the accuracy of the Chinese we have no reason to question this point, — is an exact reproduction of the legend as it was current in the Orient. If the pinna was there identified with a sheep or lamb, it was entirely natural that the belief should develop that byssus-wool, in like manner as sheep-wool, could not be secured from the slain animal; and the animal, to the way of thinking in that community, would have been killed by the act of depriving it of its wool, the wool being the same as the byssus identified with an umbilical cord. For this reason it was necessary to devise a process by which the creature could be induced to give up the prized wool of its own accord; and this rôle, in popular imagination, was assigned to the crab. The Chinese legend, as recorded in the T'ang Annals, is therefore capable of the following retranslation or re-interpretation: "A peculiar animal of Fu-lin is the pinna (lamb), whose life is bound to the soil. The inhabitants wait till the animal, which has the nature of a plant and is devoid of motion, is going to sprout, and guard it by enclosures from attacks of rapacious beasts. The byssus (umbilical cord) of the pinna (lamb) is firmly rooted in the ground; and when forcibly detached, the animal will die. It is much terrorized by the crab, which hunts it for food. At the sight of this armored adversary,

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Ibn al-Baitār (L. Leclerc, *Traité des simples*, vol. ii, p. 386).

the pinna, stricken with fright, sheds its byssi, which in this manner do not lose their vitality. The byssus-wool thus drifts ashore, where it is gathered by men to be woven into cloth." Now, the further development was that the pinna-lamb, when once rescued from the sea, was finally landed as a realistic lamb, whose wool was directly craved by men: so man remained no longer a mere looker-on, but actively took a hand in the game and elicited the wool. Our Chinese version of course is incomplete, or perhaps merely forgetful, in not alluding to the utilization of the wool; but this is certainly the purport of the musical performance. The animal is liberated from its vegetal existence and becomes a live lamb able to roam about for water and pastures; and then, certainly, man would shear it to secure its wool.

We have noted that the pinna of old was transformed into a sheep, a lamb, and even a bird; but this is not all. It was even conceived as a human being, and an intimation to this effect is given in the Talmud.<sup>1</sup> In the Mishna *Kilaim* (VIII, 5), a portion of the Talmud, we meet the passage, "Creatures called *adne sadeh* ('lords of the field') are regarded as beasts." Rabbi Simeon, who died about 1235, comments on this statement as follows: "It is asserted in the Jerusalem Talmud that this creature is the 'man of the mountain.' It draws its food out of the soil by means of the umbilical cord: if its navel be cut, it cannot live. Rabbi Meir, the son of Kallonymos of Speyer, has added these remarks: 'There is an animal styled *Yedua*,<sup>2</sup> with the bones of which witchcraft is practised. It issues from the earth like the stem of a plant, just as a gourd. In all respects, the *yedua* has human form in face, body, hands, and feet. No creature can approach within the tether of the stem, for it seizes and kills all. As far as the stem (or umbilical cord) stretches, it devours the herbage all around. Whoever is intent on capturing this animal must not approach it, but tear at the cord until it is ruptured, whereupon the animal soon dies.'" The coincidence of this legend with that of the Chinese is very striking, but the novel feature cropping out in the Palestinian Talmud is the identification of the strange creature with a human being, the "man of the mountain." Who is this mysterious man of the mountain?

The Chinese version of the legend hailed from Syria (Fu-lin). At the time when it was learned by the Chinese, Syria was a Christian country, and the guess therefore is plausible that the old Hellenistic story of the water-sheep had been modified there under the influence of Christian allegory. The most surprising alteration of the Syrian

<sup>1</sup> The Talmudic texts, on the ground of information furnished by H. Adler, have been reproduced by H. Lee (*The Vegetable Lamb of Tartary*, pp. 6-8, London, 1887), to whose work we shall come back. The same material had already received intelligent discussion from L. Lewysohn (*Zoologie des Talmuds*, pp. 65, 356-358, Frankfurt, 1858).

<sup>2</sup> According to the nature of Hebrew writing, in which only the consonants are fixed, the vocalization of this word, of course, is uncertain.

redaction is the substitution of the lamb for the sheep; and the Chinese term *yang kao* is so specific and intentionally chosen, that the Chinese without any doubt have reproduced correctly and exactly what Syrian tradition intended. The lamb among Christendom was the symbol of the Savior, Agnus Dei (John 1.29); and the lamb that according to the Talmud is the "man of the mountain" unquestionably represents an allusion to the "Divine Lamb standing on Mount Sion" (*καὶ εἶδον, καὶ ἰδοὺ ἄρνιον, ἑστηκὸς ἐπὶ τὸ ὄρος Σιών.*—Revelation XIV.1). Thus the Lamb is represented in Christian art from the fourth century onward.<sup>1</sup> While this symbolism may well be hidden under the story of the Syrian Lamb, it is obvious, on the other hand, that it is incapable of explaining in full the whole gist of the legend. It is inconceivable that Christ should have been conceived as a lamb immovably rooting in the soil, and liberated by the action of the mounted shepherds. It remains to be considered that prior to the fourth century it was not the person of the Savior who was represented under the figure of the lamb, but that it was the faithful who were thus depicted,<sup>2</sup> either as the retinue of the Good Pastor, or enjoying the delights of Paradise after their salvation. This affords a satisfactory clew to the understanding of the Christian symbolism associated with our legend in Syria. The lambs attached with their umbilical cord to the ground are Christian devotees who still cling to earthly pleasures, Christians during their temporary passage or pilgrimage through this world. They are threatened by rapacious beasts, wolfish devils of temptation. The good shepherd guards his lambs by a protecting wall, but their final salvation must come through their own will and effort. The mounted and armored horsemen awakening and rousing them symbolize the Last Judgment.<sup>3</sup> The connection of the lambs with this earth is severed, their earthly existence ceases, to be crowned by their resurrection and ultimate redemption in the Heav-

<sup>1</sup> M. Laurent, *L'Art chrétien primitif*, vol. i, p. 152; vol. ii, p. 162, and Plate LXIV, Fig. 3. A. N. Didron, *Christian Iconography*, vol. i, pp. 318-344. The Sixth Council of Constantinople forbade the representation of Christ as a lamb (O. M. Dalton, *Byzantine Art*, p. 158).

<sup>2</sup> Matthew xxv.32; John x.1-5. The notion is traceable to the Old Testament, where the people of God are styled his "sheep" (1 Kings xxii.17; Psalms lxxix.13; lxxx.1).

<sup>3</sup> Compare Revelation ix.17 (the armored horsemen) and viii.6 (the trumpet-blowing angels). The concatenation of the lambs with Judgment was presumably elicited or at least supported by the passage in Jeremiah (xxiii.3-5): "And I will gather the remnant of my flock out of all countries whither I have driven them, and will bring them again to their folds; and they shall be fruitful and increase. And I will set up shepherds over them which shall feed them: and they shall fear no more, nor be dismayed, neither shall they be lacking, saith the Lord. Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth."

only Kingdom. "They set out for water and pasture"<sup>1</sup> is the symbolical expression for the salvation, the water in the Christian sense denoting the communion of faith and the eternal kingdom of God. It is not known to me whether a Christian tradition of such a form really existed in Syria;<sup>2</sup> but the reconstruction here attempted is justifiable in itself, in order to do full justice to the Chinese version of the story. The Christian element and tendency are a necessary postulate, without which its fundamental features cannot be understood. It is most striking that this story opens in a sober manner, as though it were its only purport to describe a useful domestic animal of Fu-lin; not a word, however, is said about the utilization of any product of this animal, and we should certainly expect to hear at least what is done with the wool. Consequently the question is not here of a commercial proposition; at least, the Syrians who transmitted the tradition to the Chinese were not interested in this side of the matter, but solely in the peculiar life-story of the lambs, so that we are fully entitled to regard it as an allegory, and to seek its origin in the tenets of their Christian creed. The modification of the sheep into lambs, the cuirassed cavaliers, the water and pasture, and the Talmudic "man of the mountain," are unmistakable features characteristic of Christian notions. There is, further, a negative criterion pointing in the same direction: there was a sentence closing the story, the significance of which was either variable or vacillating in Syria, or not fully grasped by the Chinese interpreter. The recension of Chang Shou-tsie makes the lambs form a gregarious company after their release. In the redaction of the New T'ang Annals, compiled by Ngou-yang Siu in 1060, it is denied that they are able to form herds; while Tuan Kung-lu in his "Pei hu lu" (875), and Liu Hü in the "Old History of the T'ang Dynasty" (934), apparently embarrassed over this dilemma, dodged this point. Sheep are naturally gregarious animals; but for this very

<sup>1</sup> Compare Psalms xxiii. 1, 2: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters."

<sup>2</sup> Such allegories, however, were quite in keeping with the spirit of that time. Basilus the Great, whom we cited on the pinna, for instance, illustrated the doctrine of resurrection from the life-story of the silkworm: "What have you to say, who disbelieve the assertion of the Apostle Paul concerning the change at the resurrection, when you see many of the inhabitants of the air changing their forms? Consider, for example, the account of the horned worm of India, which, having first changed into a caterpillar, then in process of time becomes a cocoon, and does not continue even in this form, but assumes light and expanded wings. Ye women, who sit winding upon bobbins the produce of these animals, namely the threads, which the Seres send to you for the manufacture of fine garments, bear in mind the change of form in this creature; derive from it a clear conception of the resurrection; and discredit not that transformation which Paul announces to us all" (J. Yates, *Textrinum Antiquorum*, p. 215). Again, it is interesting that Basilus, who appears to have known the silkworm only from books and by report, copied his description of it chiefly from Aristotle's account (*Hist. anim.*, v, 19).



reason I am not inclined to believe that the Syrian original version, with its wondrous and supernatural tendency, should have terminated in such a platitude. On the contrary, it is my impression that the Syrians did say that these extraordinary lambs, quite at variance with the common kind, did not assemble into flocks; that means, in Christian speech, the self-responsibility of the individual, and the obligation to his personal endeavor toward the path of redemption.

In the Mongol period we have a much debased version of our story from Ch'ang Tê, who was sent by Mangu Khan in 1259 to his brother Hulagu, King of Persia, and who describes the "sheep planted on hillocks" (*lung chung yang*) as a product of the countries of the Western Sea (*Si Hai*) as follows:<sup>1</sup> "The umbilical cord of a sheep is planted in the soil and watered. At the time of the first thunder-peals it begins to grow, while the cord still remains connected with the ground. When full-grown, they are frightened by the sounds of wooden instruments: the cord breaks off, and the animal roams around to feed on the herbage. In autumn the sheep can be eaten, and there are seeds, to be used for planting, contained in its navel." Ch'ang Tê must have overheard this story in Persia. Certainly it is not a further Chinese development, but one of Arabo-Persian origin; certainly, also, it does not refer to any product, animal or vegetal, of western Asia, but merely represents a literary outgrowth of the older Fu-lin legend sensually deteriorated in the popular mind.

The section of the cyclopædia T'u shu tsi ch'êng entitled "Earth-Born Sheep" (already quoted) gives the following extract from the "Wu ts'ê yüan ying tsi:"<sup>2</sup> "As regards the earth-born sheep of the Western Regions, a vertebra of the neck is taken and planted in the soil. On hearing the sounds of thunder, the kid is generated out of this bone. When frightened by horsemen, its umbilical cord is severed. Its skin can be utilized as a mattress. Another account has it that the people north of Mo<sup>3</sup> plant the horns of sheep, whereby is engendered an animal of the size of a hare, fat and beautiful. The report is rather strange, and it is not ascertained what kind of fruit it is which is planted by those people. Though what Liu Yu<sup>4</sup> relates may be correct, yet it remains a mystery. Indeed, it is a marvel and subtlety of nature." It is evident that in the Mongol period the interest shifted in a certain measure and largely centred around the cause leading to the germination of the curious zoöphyte.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bretschneider, *Mediæval Researches*, vol. i, p. 154.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently identical with the *Yüan ying tsi*, — writings of Wu Lai of the *Yüan* period (Bretschneider, *Bot. Sin.*, pt. I, p. 214, No. 1125).

<sup>3</sup> *Mo pei jên*. We have to read perhaps "Sha-mo" (the desert of Gobi), or, as another text cited by Schlegel (*l.c.*, p. 25) has it, "Ta-mo."

<sup>4</sup> Editor of the *Si shi ki*, — the memoirs of the journey of Ch'ang Tê, whose account has been given above.

During the fourteenth century the legend of the Syrian Lamb appeared in the diaries of European travellers. Odoric of Pordenone, who started on his journey between 1316 and 1318 and returned in 1330 (he died in January of the ensuing year), tells of very large melons growing in the Caspean Mountains in the kingdom Cadeli; and when these be ripe, they burst, and a little beast is found inside like a small lamb, so that they have both melons and meat.<sup>1</sup> Sir John Mandeville (or Maundeville), who travelled in Asia from 1322 to 1356, has the same report about gourd-like fruits which when ripe are cut, and disclose within a little beast in flesh, bone and blood, as though it were a little lamb. Men eat both the fruit and the beast, and this is a great marvel. The traveller assures us that he himself has eaten of this fruit. These trivial and puerile stories gave rise in Europe to numerous wild speculations in regard to a Scythian lamb of vegetal origin, growing on trees, as may be read in the monograph of H. Lee, "The Vegetable Lamb of Tartary: a Curious Fable of the Cotton Plant" (London, 1887). This work, though of considerable merit and not devoid of critical ability, is a failure in its main tendency, which is to prove that it was the cotton-plant which caused the origin of the story of the vegetable lamb.<sup>2</sup> True it is that in the European versions (and only these are taken into account by Lee) a reminiscence of cotton-pods bursting forth and laying bare the white cotton wool is alive; this, however, is not the origin, but the ultimate result, the most recent adjustment of the story, the antecedents of which must be connected with the Fu-lin traditions of the earth-born lamb. Even without the knowledge of these, Lee's conclusion could not be upheld. Years ago, when I first read his treatise without having access to the chain of Chinese texts, it did not prove convincing to me. It is inconceivable that in the fourteenth century, when cotton and the manner of its production were perfectly known in Asia and Europe, any such abstruse fable should have arisen in regard to cotton. The Indian cotton-plant became intimately familiar to the classical world, thanks to Alexander's campaign;<sup>3</sup> and I do not know that it ever became the object of fables in India, China, Greece, or Rome,<sup>4</sup> or in Syria, or among the Arabs.

<sup>1</sup> Yule, *Cathay* (new ed. by H. Cordier, vol. ii, p. 240).

<sup>2</sup> Lee was not the first to make this suggestion; for Yule, in a note of his *Cathay* (vol. ii, p. 242), remarks that Erman thinks the whole story a mythical view of the cotton-plant.

<sup>3</sup> Compare H. Bretzl, *Botanische Forschungen des Alexanderzuges*, pp. 136-139.

<sup>4</sup> H. Lee (*l.c.*, p. 46) makes a case of the passage in Herodotus (iii, 106), who is the first Western author to mention Indian cotton, and says, "There are trees growing wild there, the fruit of which is a wool exceeding in beauty and goodness that of sheep." This certainly means nothing at all, particularly not with reference to the story of a vegetable lamb appearing in Europe as late as the fourteenth century. Herodotus, who merely compares cotton with sheep's wool, cannot be made responsible for a legend that is brought home in the middle ages from some dark corner of Asia. It is the history and the transformation of this legend which must be studied with critical methods. No philologist,

The Chinese of the sixth century, and assuredly of the T'ang period, knew very well what the cotton-plant and its products were;<sup>1</sup> and neither is there in the Chinese documents regarding cotton any reference to lambs, nor is there the slightest allusion to cotton in the Ta Ts'in and Fu-lin texts regarding the water-sheep and the earth-born lamb. The two groups of traditions are most clearly differentiated, and offer absolutely no point of contact.

The European mediæval fables are intelligible only when we read them together with the earlier traditions of the Chinese. Both Odoric and Mandeville reported their stories as coming from a certain part of Asia, and the mutual resemblance of these is close enough to arouse the suspicion that one copied the other; but this point is not of importance to me. The point to be emphasized is that their stories are the worthy counterpart of those prosaic and grossly materialized versions which we encountered among the Chinese of the Mongol period, and which are contemporaneous with Odoric and Mandeville, when the spiritual drift of the sacred Syrian allegory had long sunk into oblivion. Of course, the Chinese are not guilty of this sacrilege, but Persians and Turks, and that host of minor tribes composing the Western empire of the Mongols. Yule has identified the Caspian Mountains of Odoric with Mount Kasbin, about eighty miles due south of the Caspian Sea, in Persian territory near Teheran. Ch'ang Tê, as noticed, recorded his version of the story in Persia on his mission to Hulagu. Odoric's agreement with Ch'ang Tê proves that both have reproduced with tolerable correctness a bit of folk-lore picked up by them on Persian soil. The Persians were interested in the edibility of the lamb, and are duly seconded by Odoric and Mandeville, who have both lamb and fruit consumed. These people were interested in the material birth of the lamb, which they explained as growing from a seed planted in the ground. Accordingly it was a cultivated plant, bearing the lamb as a fruit, and raised anew every year; and this tradition again is echoed by the European mimics. The only novel features reported by the latter, and not yet revealed by a Chinese or other Oriental text, are the identification of this fruit with a melon, and the lamb harbored behind its rind.<sup>2</sup> Maybe both Odoric and Mandeville overheard the story from their informants in this manner; maybe they themselves

either, will subscribe to Lee's hypothesis (p. 50) that the word *μηλον* used by Theophrastus for the capsule of the cotton-plant, because it means also "apple" and "sheep," might have contributed to convey, many centuries later, to readers of a dead language, an erroneous idea of fleeces that grow on trees.

<sup>1</sup> Compare the valuable notes of Hirth and Rockhill, *Chau Ju-kua*, p. 218; and Watters, *Essays on the Chinese Language*, p. 439.

<sup>2</sup> The strange combination of melon and cotton-plant may have as its *raison d'être* the phonetic similarity of the Persian words *kharbus* or *kharbuza* ("water-melon") and *karbās* or *hirbāsa* ("cotton, muslin;" derived from Sanscrit *karpāsa*).

are responsible for this assimilation having a remote flavor of the cotton-pod; but, on this assumption, we are forced to admit that one was forestalled by the other. The traditions of the Chinese have enabled us to study the development of the story in its various stages, from the beginning of the Christian era down to the thirteenth century, and to recognize its origin, growth, and significance. We have seen that it takes its birth from the pinna, and that the Aristotelian doctrine of the fusion of vegetal and animal characteristics, applied to the life-habits of the pinna, is the very germ, the protoplasm, so to speak, which has called into existence the West-Asiatic notion of a vegetal lamb. This vegetal lamb therefore was evolved from a marine mollusk, never from a plant, and least of all from the cotton-plant. For this reason Yule<sup>1</sup> was misguided in seeking for "the plant about which these fables have gathered," and in regarding it as a certain genus of fern. Animal figures shaped by the Chinese from the rhizome of a fern greatly stirred the imagination of scholars in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and were believed to have yielded the basis for the so-called "Scythian lamb." It is the uncontested and great merit of H. Lee<sup>2</sup> to have utterly destroyed these scientific fables, which, as usual, are more colossal and more baffling than the fables themselves, whose mystery they try to solve.

Entirely baseless is the opinion of G. Schlegel,<sup>3</sup> who, "after more than two years' study of the subject," as he avers, arrived at the result that "the Chinese have confounded two quite distinct things, — the cultivation of the cotton-plant<sup>4</sup> and the training of the camel, — from both of which fine stuffs can be fabricated." I am unable to see the justification of either point. There is in the Chinese records no trace that could lead to the one or the other supposition. On the one hand, according to Schlegel, "the Chinese accounts of that part of western Asia are peculiarly exact, though often seemingly shrouded in ambiguous and vague descriptions." On the other hand, he asserts,<sup>5</sup> "That the Chinese mistook the young dromedary or one-humped camel for a sheep, is not unnatural." The way in which Schlegel got at the camel from the sheep is a somewhat unusual one. There is no necessity of criticising it in detail, as no apprehension of an imitation of such methods need be entertained in our day.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cathay, vol. ii, p. 241.

<sup>2</sup> *L.c.*, pp. 24-44.

<sup>3</sup> "The Shui-yang," *l.c.*, p. 20.

<sup>4</sup> This result he adopted from the work of Lee.

<sup>5</sup> *L.c.*, p. 32.

<sup>6</sup> The sinological reader, however, should be aware of the fact that the germ of Schlegel's erroneous argumentation rests on a misunderstanding of a passage in Ma Tuan-lin (p. 30 of his paper), though he had the correct translation of Hirth (China and the Roman Orient, p. 80; but see p. 255; it is certainly impossible to make rugs from pinna fibres) before his

The case presented in the preceding investigation may offer several points of general interest to the scientific student of folk-lore. We are allowed to pursue the history of the legend of the pinna-lamb through the interval of a millennium and a half from the dormant, embryonic beginning of a seemingly unimportant natural fact to a full-fledged, complex wonder-story, making all Europe talk for many centuries, and keeping scientists and learned societies on the trot in search of the secret of the marvellous lamb. The theatre of action on which the development of the story was staged is western Asia, chiefly Syria. The irony of fate, however, has ruled that the principal documentary evidence in the case enabling us to trace the real history of the story is preserved in the records of the Chinese, whose masterly historical sense permits us to establish the accurate chronology in the various phases which the story has adopted within the course of a long run. Without this solid staff we should presumably, like blind men, grope in the dark. We clearly recognize three principal stages of development, — first, the nature-philosophical stage inaugurated by the submarine life of the pinna and the conception of its byssus as marine wool, which idea reacted on the mollusk and resulted in the construction of a water-sheep; second, the mystic and allegoric stage, introduced by the Aristotelian doctrine of floristic and faunistic intermediate forms, and shaped and consecrated by the symbolism of Christian philosophy; and, third, the degenerate, materialized, in the true sense of the word animalized, form of the story, turning up in China and Europe simultaneously in the thirteenth century. Greek sources were enlisted to corroborate and to substantiate the basis of the first stage; and they were found equally effectual in accounting for the primeval foundation of stage second. In other words, the accounts of the Chinese, which simply reproduce Western folk-lore

eyes. Schlegel understood that rugs, mats, carpets, and curtains were made of the wool of the water-sheep; and by assuming that the latter refers to cotton, and by wrongly arguing that rugs may be made of hair or wool but can hardly be made of cotton, he finally hits upon Persian stuffs of camel-hair, and lands from this airship ascent upon the camel itself. Ma Tuan-lin, of course, does not say that rugs are made of the wool of the water-sheep; but the matter relative to the rugs is a new paragraph and entirely distinct from the former. Very strange, also, is the objection of Schlegel (p. 29) raised to Lee's theory that "the cotton-plant was not cultivated in the country where the vegetable lamb grew, on the west side of the Volga, neither was it grown in Persia." If this be true, it would not speak against Lee's view, but, on the contrary, in favor of it; for if such a legend, as erroneously assumed by Lee, should ever have originated around the cotton-plant, it could most certainly have started only in a region where the cotton product was but dimly known and the plant itself was not cultivated. Contrary to the opinion of Schlegel, carpets and rugs can certainly be made of cotton, and in fact are so made, for instance, in India: the so-called Sutrtingee are manufactured entirely of cotton; in another kind the warp is of cotton, the woof is of wool (J. F. Watson, *Textile Manufactures and Costumes of India*, p. 143).

and bear no relation whatever to genuine or indigenous Chinese thought, are perfectly matched and elucidated by the analogous traditions cropping out in the West. In one important respect, however, the preceding investigation remains deficient: I have not been able to point out an exact Western parallel of the Christian parable, as which I endeavored, on strong internal evidence, to prove the Syrian version of the vegetal lamb. At this point I have to ask the friendly co-operation of scholars versed in Syriac or Arabic Christian literature, a field foreign to me, and I trust that the prototype of our legend will some day be discovered there. Any search in this direction was heretofore precluded at the outset, since the history of the legend had not yet adequately or correctly been represented. Indeed, the subject had been dealt with only within the narrow boundaries of sinology, and had never been brought to the attention of Semitists. If these students will become aware of the fact that it very properly belongs to their domain, the day will not be distant when we may hope for the ultimate solution of that single point which still remains to be settled.

FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,  
CHICAGO.

## SONGS AND RHYMES FROM THE SOUTH.

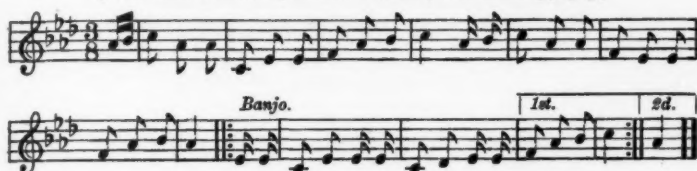
BY E. C. PERROW.

VI. SONGS CONNECTED WITH DRINKING AND GAMBLING.<sup>1</sup>

## I. THE DRUNKARD'S SONG.

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)



Way up on Clinch Mountain,  
 I wander alone;  
 I'm es drunk es the devil;  
 Oh, let me alone!

Tink-a-link-tink, tink-a-link-tink,  
 Tink-a-link-tink-a-link!  
 Tink-a-link-tink, tink-a-link-tink,  
 Tink-a-link-tink-a-link!

I'll play cards and drink whiskey  
 Wherever I'm gone;  
 En if people don' like me,  
 They ken let me alone.

I'll eat when I'm hungry  
 En drink when I'm dry;  
 En ef whiskey don't kill me,  
 I'll live till I die.<sup>2</sup>

O Lulu, O Lulu, O Lulu, my dear!  
 O Lulu, my dear!  
 I'd give this whole world  
 Ef my Lulu wuz hyeur.

Way up on Clinch Mountain  
 Where the wild geese fly high,  
 I'll think uv little Allie  
 En lay down en die.

<sup>1</sup> Continued from vol. xxvi of this Journal (1913), p. 173.<sup>2</sup> Compare Berea Quarterly, October, 1910, p. 26.

Jack u' diamonds, Jack u' diamonds,  
 I know you uv ole;  
 You rob my pore pockets  
 Uv silver en gol'.

You may boast uv yore knowledge  
 En brag uv yore sense;  
 But 'twill all be furgotten  
 One hundred years hence.

B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Oh brandy and whiskey I wish you no harm,  
 But I wish I had a jug full as long as my arm.

## 2. WHEN I DIE.

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1907.)

When I die,<sup>1</sup> don' bury me a tall,  
 But soak my body in alcohol.

When I die, bury me deep,  
 En put a quart u' licker at my head en feet.

When I die, don' bury me a tall,  
 But take me down to Bowery Hall;  
 Take off my coat en open my vest,  
 En tell all the girls I'm gone to rest.

B.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

When I die don't bury me at all;  
 Preserve my bones in alcohol;  
 Fold my arms across my breast,  
 Natural born . . . gone to rest.

Natural born . . . don't have to work;  
 Carry a recommendation on the tail of my shirt.

C.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

When I die, bury me deep;  
 Tell all the gamblers that I've gone to sleep.  
 Put a pair of bones in my right hand,  
 And I'll throw seven in the promised land.

<sup>1</sup> Illustrative of the popular tendency to make a "last will and testament." See Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy, December, 1913.



3. SLEEPIN' IN MY CABIN.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

I wus drunk las' night, my darlin';  
I was drunk the night before;  
But if you'll fergive me, darlin',  
I'll never get drunk any more.

Sleepin' in my cabin  
In the merry month of June,  
Wrapped in the arms of my own true love  
When the wind blows chilly en cool.

4. I'LL NEVER GET DRUNK ANY MORE.

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1905.)

My father give me a fortune,  
I locked it in my trunk;  
I spent it one night in gamblin',  
The night that I got drunk.

Oh, I'll never get drunk any more;  
I'll lay my head in the bar-room door,  
But I'll never get drunk any more.

5. ONE MORE DRINK.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mr. George; 1908.)

There wus an ole hen with a wooden foot;  
She made her nest by a mulberry-root;  
She ruffled her feathers an' kept her warm;  
One more drink won't do no harm.

6. IS THAT YOU, SAMBO?

(From Mississippi; negroes; 1909.)

"Is that you, Sambo?" "No, it's Jim."  
"You're pretty good-looking, but you can't come in!"

7. OLD DAN TUCKER.<sup>2</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912.)

Ole Dan Tucker, in the time uv the war,  
Wuz the biggest fool I ever saw.  
He had no pants, he had no coat,  
En he rammed his shirt-tail daown his throat.

<sup>1</sup> Composed by a workman on the K. & B. Railroad.

<sup>2</sup> I believe the stanzas quoted here from this well-known song are of popular origin.  
This song figures as a dance-song in Kentucky:

Ole Dan Tucker come to town,  
Swing the ladies all around!  
Swing to the east and swing to the west,  
And swing to the one that you love best.

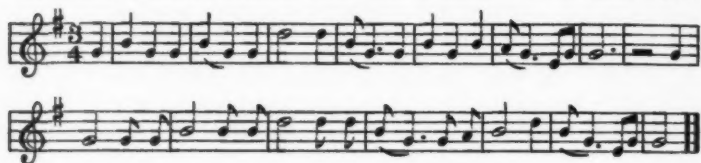
Get out the way, etc.

Ole Dan Tucker wuz a nice ole man,  
 He washed his face in a fryin'-pan,  
 He combed his head with a wagon-wheel,  
 En died with a gum-bile on his heel.

## 8. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN GONE?

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1907.)



Where have you been gone so long, so long?  
 Where have you been gone so long?  
 "Well, I've been in the bed with my head kivered up,  
 En I'm goin back there 'fore long."

B.

(From Western Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of D. H. Bishop; 1909.)

Where have you been so long?  
 Oh, where have you been so long?  
 I've been in the bend with the rough and ready men,  
 I've been in the bend so long.

## 9. WHY DON'T YOU COME HOME?

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1905.)

I went daown to the depot to get my baby's trunk;  
 I stuck my head in the bar-room door, en I lef' that city drunk.  
 My darlin' baby, why don't yer come home?

I went daown on the Bowery<sup>1</sup> with a forty-four in my han';  
 I said, "Look out, you roustabout! I'm looking fer my man."  
 My darlin' baby, why don't yer come home?

I come back up the Bowery with a slug u' meat in my han';  
 I flung it thoo a winder en I hit a country man.  
 My darlin' baby, why don't yer come home?

## 10. YOU MAY RARE.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of Edgar Perrow; 1912.)

Oh, you may rare en you may pitch  
 But Black Mariah's<sup>2</sup> got yer in the ditch.

<sup>1</sup> Showing an origin in the city. Even the most unpretentious town has its "Bowery," its "New York Store," etc.

<sup>2</sup> The patrol wagon.

II. I WAS A TEXAS RANGER.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from the singing of F. Le Tellier; 1910.)

I wuz a Texas ranger sixteen long years ago;  
I ranged through all of Texas en a part uv Mexico.

Ef I wuz a gambler, westward I would go;  
I'd gamble with the Englishmen en there I'd win my dough.

My children they'll go naked; my wife will have to plough;  
Along come an officer en drove off my last old caow.

12. THERE WAS AN OLD MAN.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Cassedy; 1909.)

There was an old man from over the Rhine,  
Snappoo! Snappoo!  
There was an old man from over the Rhine,  
Who came for some beer and who came for some wine.  
Snap-peter, snap-pider, fi-nan-ago-neda-snappoo!

"Dear old lady, have you some wine  
Fit for a soldier from over the Rhine?"

"No, dear soldier; I have no wine  
Fit for a soldier from over the Rhine."

13. TAKE ONE ON ME.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Oh, de men for de women,  
An de women for de men;  
Oh, de doctor say it'll kill you,  
But he didn't say when.

Oh, ho! my honey! take one on me!

14. OLE CORN LICKER.

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909.)

I got drunk en got a fall,  
En ole co'n licker wus the cause uv it all.

15. DIAMOND JOE.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Turner; 1909.)

If I come out on two,  
Then I'll hand em back to you.

*Chorus.*

Diamond Joe, Diamond Joe,  
Run get me Diamond Joe.

If I come out on three,  
Then you'll hand em back to me.

If I come out on fo',  
Then I'll beat you a dolla mo'.

If I come out on six,  
Then you knows yo money's fixed.

If I come out on seben,  
Then I'll roll you fer eleben.

If I come out on nine,  
Then yo money will be mine.

Then I'll buy me a bar'l o' flour,  
Cook and eat it every hour.

Yes; an buy me a middlin' o' meat,  
Cook and eat it twict a week.

#### 16. CAMP TOWN LADIES.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Camp town ladies, sing this song:  
Do da, do da.  
Camp town ladies sing this song:  
Do da, do da dey.

I'm boun' to run all night;  
I'm boun' to run all day;  
I'll bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,<sup>1</sup>  
Ef somebody'll bet on the bay.

#### 17. O LORD, HONEY!

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909.)

O Lord, honey! I can't see  
How my money gets away frum me.

#### 18. OH, WASN'T I LUCKY!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Ole Marster, an' ole Mistis, I'm er reskin my life,  
Tryin' to win er this great fortune, for you an' your wife.

Oh, wasn't I lucky not to lose! (*thrice*)

Ole Skew-ball was a gray hoss, ole Molly was brown;  
Ole Skew-ball out-run Molly on the very fust go-round.

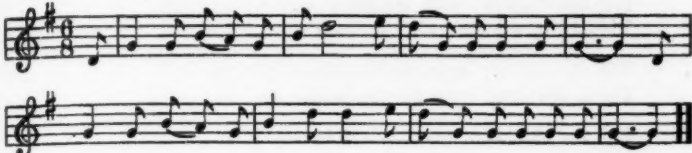
My hosses is hongry, an' they will not eat hay;  
So I'll drive on a piece further, an I'll feed on the way.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare Harvard College Library, 25254.10.5.

<sup>2</sup> Compare "Old Smoky" in this collection.

## 19. OLD ALEXANDER.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Teller; 1912.)



God damn old Alexander! I wish he wuz in hell!  
 He made me wear the ball en chain en caused my ankles ter swell.<sup>1</sup>

## VII. SONGS OF THE PLANTATION.

I. OH, MOURNER!<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Some folks say that a nigro (*sic*) won't steal;  
 I caught two in my corn feild (*sic*).  
 One had a shovel and the other had a hoe;  
 If that ain't stealing, I don't know.

Oh, Moana, you shall be free, (*twice*)  
 When the good Lord sets you free.

Some folks say that a nigro won't rouse;  
 I caught two in my smoke house.  
 One had a middling, and the other had a ham;  
 If that ain't stealing, I'll don't know.

I went to a chicken coop on my knees;  
 I thought I heard a chicken sneeze.<sup>3</sup>

Way down yonder on Punkin Creek  
 Where those nigros grow leben feet,  
 Heels stick out so far behind  
 Chickens roost there most all the time.

I had a wife and I fed her on grease;  
 Every time I knocked her down she hollowed "police!"

Ain't no use in me workin' so hard;  
 I got a gal in the white folks yard.  
 She fetch me meat and she fetch me lard.  
 Ain't a bit of use in me workin' so hard.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is the only stanza my cousin could remember of a song in which a member of the chain gang curses the Judge, or state's attorney, who was responsible for the sentence.

<sup>2</sup> This song shows the tendency of a large number of distinct songs to drift together into one.

<sup>3</sup> This stanza is in the college song "Polly-Wolly-Doodle."

<sup>4</sup> Compare another version from Mississippi:

I got a gal in de white folk's ya'd,  
 She brings me chicgn en she brings me la'd  
 She steals me ham an' she steals me meat  
 She thinks I'm wukkin', but I'm walkin' de street.

Yonder come Melinda. How do I know?  
Know her by her walk; I seen her walk before.

Kill the chicken; save me the wing;  
Think I'm workin'; ain't doing a thing.

Kill the turkey; save me the bones;  
Drink the beer; save me the foam.

Kill the chickens; save me the breast;  
Think I'm workin', but I'm taking my rest.

I like my coffee, I likes it strong;  
When I git to eatin', bring the corn-dodger along.

I likes my lasses good and strong;  
When I git to eatin', bring the butter along.

I likes my wife, I likes my baby;  
I likes my flap-jacks floating in gravy.

Gimme chicken; gimme pie;  
Gimme some of everything the white folks buy.

Some folks say that a nigro won't steal;  
I caught two in my water-melon feild,  
Preaching and praying all the time,  
And pulling the melons off the vine.

I wouldn't marry a yaller gal;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
She's all the time sitting in another man's lap  
And telling her husband lies.

I wouldn't marry a black gal;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
Her nose is always snotty,  
And her lips is never dry.

Nigro was a sitting on the log;  
One eye on the trigger, the other on the hog.

The gun said, "Boom!" the hog fell bip!  
The nigro jumped on him with all his grip.  
[Spoken] Gitting the chiddlings!

I will dive in that pige pen a-fighting;  
I ought [to] been that hog-jaw bighting.  
With a hog head in my hand.

Yonder come my uncle; axe heavy with lead,  
Threw across my shoulder to kill that barrow dead.

Spare ribs is rottening; back-bones ain't but a few;  
Run and git the carvin' knife, and we'll have a barber cewe.

I wouldn't marry a widow,  
For all the money in the land;  
It takes six men to feed her,  
Workin' with both hands.

When you come home from work at night,  
It's "Hello! my pretty old gal!"  
And then she whispers softly,  
"There ain't no meal in the barrel."

I went down to Malinda's house;  
Malinda she was gone;  
I sat down in Malinda's chair  
And rocked till she come home.

She sat me in the parlor;  
She cooled me with her fan;  
She whispered in her mother's ear,  
"I'm fooling with a gambling man."

### 2. DIS MORNIN'.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

See dem ole farmers goin' on to town, this mornin', (*twice*)  
See dem ole farmers goin' on to town  
Wid er one horse waggin an' er it broke down,  
Dis mornin', er dis evenin', so soon.<sup>1</sup>

See dem ole farmers come along back, dis mornin', (*twice*)  
See dem ole farmers come along back  
Wid er piece o' meat in er crocus sack.  
Dis mornin', etc.

Mommer kilt er chicken, an' she give me de wing, dis mornin', (*twice*)  
Mommer kilt er chicken, an' she give me de wing;  
She thought I was a workin', and I warn't doin' a thing,  
Dis mornin', etc.

Mommer kilt er chicken, an' she give me de head, dis mornin', (*twice*)  
Mommer kilt er chicken, and she give me de head;  
She thought I was workin', an' I's lyin' in the bed,  
Dis mornin', etc.

### 3. I'M ER LIVIN' EASY.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

I'm er livin' easy; I'm er livin' high;  
Goin' to keep my pork chops greasy.  
I'm er livin' easy, oh baby; I'm er livin' high.

Got er bar'l o' flou'er; cook an eat it every hou'er;  
I'm er livin' easy, oh baby; I'm er livin' high.

<sup>1</sup> For the refrain compare this Journal, vol. xxiv, p. 353.

## 4. JOHN BOOKER.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Turner; 1909.)

My ole mistis promised me,  
'Fo' she died she'd sot me free.<sup>1</sup>

*Chorus.*

Walk, John! walk, John! Oh, walk!  
John Booker, with yo new boots on!

Ole mistis lived 'till her head got bald;  
She got outen de noshun o' dyin' a tall.

My ole mistis lyin' in de leaves,  
Head full of lice, and her stockin' full of fleas.

But now ole mistis is dead an' gone.  
And she's lef' John Booker a-hoeing out corn.

5. RUN, NIGGER, RUN!<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Es I was runnin' through de fiel',  
A black snake caught me by de heel.  
Run, nigger, run, de paterrol ketch yuh!  
Run, nigger, run! It's almos' day!

Run, nigger, run! I run my bes'  
Run my head in a hornet's nes'.  
Run, nigger, run! etc.

## 6. COME ON, MR. TREE!

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

When I was young and in my prime,  
Sunk my axe deep most every time;  
But now I'm old, and my heart's growin' cold,  
And I can't swing a lick to save my soul.

Come on, Mr. Tree; yer are almost down;  
Come on, Mr. Tree; wants to see yer hit de groun'.

## 7. DEM TATERS.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

A die, a die, a die O!  
Pa don't raise no cotton in his corn,  
And a very few permatatoes;  
A die, a die, a die, O!  
Pa don't raise no cotton in his corn,  
But um! um! dem taters!

<sup>1</sup> Compare Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 200; also Harvard College Library 25254.10.5.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 200. For music see "Shortened Bread" (No. 22).



8. HOW OLD ARE YOU?<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

[First part] How old are you?

[Second part] Twenty-one or twenty-two!

9. GOIN' DOWN TO TOWN.<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Goin' down tuh town,  
Goin' down tuh town,  
Goin' down tuh Lynchburg town tuh take my baccer down;  
Buy me a load uh pos',  
Fence my grave aroun',  
Keep Bob Ridley's ole gray sow fum rootin' me out de groun'.

Baccer sellin' high,<sup>3</sup>  
Baccer sellin' high,  
Baccer sellin' at fifteen cents,  
Nobody there to buy.

Baccer sellin' low,  
Baccer sellin' low,  
Baccer won't bring seven cents,  
Damn if I think I'll go.

10. MO' RAIN.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Hudson; 1909.)

Mo' rain, mo' rest; mo' rain, mo' grass;  
Makes the marster's colt grow fast.

11. SHUCK CORN.

(From Eastern North Carolina; negroes; MS. of Mr. Scroggs; 1908.)

Shuck corn, shell corn,  
Carry corn to mill.  
Grind de meal, gimme de husk;  
Bake de bread, gimme de crus';  
Fry de meat, gimme de skin;  
And dat's de way to bring 'em in.

Won't you git up, ole horse?  
I'm on de road to Brighton.  
Won't you git up, ole horse?  
I'm on de road to Brighton.

12. COLD FROSTY MORNING.<sup>4</sup>

(From West Tennessee; negroes; recitation of Mr. Brown; 1909.)

Col' frosty mo'nin',  
Nigger mighty good,

<sup>1</sup> Sung antiphonally by groups of negro farm-hands.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 249.

<sup>3</sup> Last two stanzas from Kentucky.

<sup>4</sup> Current also in Kentucky.

Axe on his shoulder,  
Choppin' up de wood.

Little piece u' ash-cake,  
An' a little piece u' fat;  
White folks grumble,  
Ef yuh eat all u' dat.

### 13. WHITE MAN GOES TO COLLEGE.<sup>1</sup>

#### A.

(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

White man goes tuh college,  
Nigger goes tuh fiel',  
White man learn tuh read an' write,  
Nigger learn tuh steal.

Times is gittin' mighty ha'd,  
Money gittin' mighty scace;  
Soon's I sell my cot'n 'n co'n,  
I'se gwine tuh leave dis place.

White man go tuh meetin',  
Can't get up a smile;  
Nigger go tuh meetin',  
Boys, yuh hyeuh him shout a mile.

#### B.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

White folks go to college;  
Nigger go to field;  
White folks learn to read and write,  
And de niggers learn to steal.

O Lord, it's hard to be a nigger! (*twice*)  
'Cause a nigger don't have no show!

### 14. AUGHT FOR AUGHT.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Aught<sup>2</sup> fer aught, an figger fuh figger;  
All fuh de white man, an none fuh de nigger!

### 15. BOATMAN, BOATMAN!

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1905.)

Boatman, boatman, blow yuh ho'n,  
An' den I'll steal yuh a bag a co'n;  
An' when de white folks all asleep,  
Den I'll steal yuh a bag u' wheat.

<sup>1</sup> See Hobson, In Old Alabama, pp. 171, 177.

<sup>2</sup> The initial *n* of this word has quite disappeared in the speech of both negroes and whites in the Southern States.

16. OLD JUDGE WATSON.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

Old Judge Watson a mighty fine man,  
An' you all know him well,  
If he ketch you in his watermelon patch,  
He'll give you particular Hallelujah.

17. OL' MASSA IN DE PARLOR.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Rankin; 1909.)

Ol' Massa in de parlor;  
Ol' Missus in de hall;  
Nigger in de dinin' room,  
Farin' de best of all.<sup>1</sup>

18. DAT NEGRO COME TO MY HOUSE.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Rankin; 1909.)

Dat negro come to my house;  
He thought I wuz treatin' 'em well;  
But I took dat negro roun' de house,  
And I gived dat negro hell.

19. SOMETIMES I LIB IN DE COUNTRY.

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Sometimes I lib in de country,  
En sometimes I lib in town;  
En sometimes I hab uh notion  
Tuh jump in de ribber en drown.

20. BIG BAYOU.

(From Lower Mississippi River; negroes; MS. of Mr. Scroggs; 1908.)

Oh, Big Bayou wuz a good ole town  
Forty years ago;  
But now she's done a-fallin' down,<sup>2</sup>  
A-oh-o-o-oh!

21. DAN-U-WE-HOU.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

Ef you want yo buckwheat cakes,  
An' er want 'em good an' done;

<sup>1</sup> The Virginia rhyme:

White folks eat de mutt'n,  
Eat it fuh a sham,  
Nigger in de kitchen  
Jes' rarin' on de best uv de ham.

<sup>2</sup> Near Oxford, Miss., is a once populous town, now entirely deserted. Only the ruins of houses and weed-choked streets are now left of what was once an important cotton market.

Slap 'em on a nigger man's heel,  
And turn him to the sun.

*Chorus.*

Dan-u-we-ou, Dan-u-we-hou,  
I'm gwine back to Dan-u-we-hou.

22. SHORTENED BREAD.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1912.)



Run hyeur, mammy, run hyeur quick!  
Shord'n bread made baby sick!  
My! don't 'e love shord'n shord'n shord'n  
Don't 'e love shord'n shord'n bread!

Oh, give me sump'n, I don't kyeur what,  
Tuh cyore this awful pain I got!  
My! don't 'e love, etc.

Two little niggers layin' in bed;  
One turned over, en the tother one said,  
"My! don't yer love," etc.

Two little niggers layin' in bed;  
They sent fer the doctor, en the doctor said,  
"Feed them niggers on shord'n," etc.

Two little niggers black ez tar  
Tried ter go ter heaven on a 'lectric car.

Two little niggers dressed in black  
Tried to go to heaven on a railroad-track.

Two little niggers dressed in white  
Tried to go to heaven on the tail of a kite.

Two little niggers black ez hell  
Tried ter go ter heaven in a peanut-shell.

Two little niggers in a peanut-shell  
Tried to go to heaven, but they went to hell.

## 23. OL' BLACK BAR.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909.)

Ol' black bar live down on Quibber;<sup>2</sup>  
Ol' black bar he love to eat nigger;

<sup>1</sup> Music an adaptation of that of "Run, Nigger, Run!"

<sup>2</sup> A river in Mississippi.

Ol' black bar live down on Quibber;  
He gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Ol' wil' panter live down on Quibber;  
Ol' wil' panter he love to eat nigger;  
Ol' wil' panter live down on Quibber;  
He gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Dem white ghostes live down on Quibber;  
Dem white ghostes dey love to cotch nigger;  
Dem white ghostes live down on Quibber.  
Dey gwine to git yo if yo go dar.

Ol' Parson Wash went down on Quibber;  
Ol' Parson Wash was a good nigger;  
Ol' Parson Wash went down on Quibber;  
Ol' Parson Wash ain't come back never;  
Sompin' done got him when he went dar.

Ol' black bar whut down down on Quibber,  
Ol' wil' panter whut down on Quibber,  
Dem white ghostes whut down on Quibber,  
All dem tings done cotch dat nigger;  
Dey gwine get yo if yo go dar.

24. FREEDOM.<sup>1</sup>

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912.)

Oh, freedom, freedom, freedom!  
Freedom, freedom over me!  
En befo' I'd be a slave,  
I'd be buried in muh grave,  
En go home tuh muh Savior en be free.

25. "GLENDY BURKE."

(From Virginia; negroes; singing of Fremont Le Tellier; 1912.)

"Glendy Burke" is a mighty fas' boat  
En a mighty fas' captain too;  
He sets up dar on de hurricane deck  
En 'e keeps his eye on de crew.

Ho fuh Louisiana!  
I'm boun' tuh leave dis taown;  
I'll trot my duds on Glendy Burke  
When "Glendy Burke" comes roun'.

26. ON THE OHIO.

(From Kentucky; negroes; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)

High, ho, the boatman row! (*twice*)  
Sailin' daown the river on the Ohio.  
Hay! yaller gal, when yuh gwine tuh go,  
Sailin' daown de ribber on de Ohio?

<sup>1</sup> Sung to the music of "Lilly Dale."

Dance, de boatman dance!<sup>1</sup>  
 Dance all de night, till de broad daylight;  
 Go home wid de gal in de mawnin'!

Oh, what make dis ole nigger laugh?  
 Fuh my boat I built a raf';  
 Stuck a pine-tree up fuh a sail  
 En steered right daown de ole coat-tail.

Oh, what make dis ole nigger shiver?  
 Saw a catfish in de river.  
 Jump right out dat boat, you bet;  
 I go daown taown wid muh close all wet.  
 De niggers dey all built up big fires.  
 Ef dat ain't so, den I'm a liar!

#### 27. BUTTERMILK AN' CLABBER.

(From East Tennessee; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Buttermilk an' clabber tuh eat on a Sunday,  
 Make a nigger's heart ache tuh go tuh wuk a Monday.

### VIII. SONGS OF LOVE.

#### I. BARBARA ALLEN.<sup>2</sup>

##### A.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

There was a young man who lived in our town,  
 His given name was William;  
 He was taken sick, and very sick,  
 And death was in his dwelling.

It was the merry month of May,  
 When the green buds were swelling,  
 Sweet William on his death bed lay  
 For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant down in town;  
 He went into her dwelling:  
 "My master's sick, and sent for you,  
 If your name be Barbara Allen."

And slowly, slowly she did rise,  
 And slowly she went to him,  
 And all she said when she got there,  
 "Young man, I think you are dying."

<sup>1</sup> Compare Harvard College Library 25254.10.5 and 25254.10.7.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the most widely current of all the traditional ballads. Still sung by school-children in Kentucky. The B version shows a queer trick of the popular mind,—Barby Allen is changed to a man!

"Oh, yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick,  
And death is with me, darling,  
I'll die, I'll die, I'll surely die,  
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

"Oh, yes, you are sick, and very sick,  
And death is in your dwelling;  
You'll die, you'll die, you'll surely die,  
For you will never get Barbara Allen.

"Remember on last Wednesday night  
When we were at a wedding,  
You passed your wine to the girls all around  
And slighted Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,  
He turned his back upon her:  
"Adieu, adieu to the friends all around,  
And adieu to Barbara Allen!"

She had not got tin (*sic*) miles from town,  
When she heard a swamp bird singing;  
And every time the swamp bird sung  
Was woe to Barbara Allen.

She had not got three miles from town,  
When she heard a death bell ringing,  
And in her ear it seemed to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

She looked to the east, and she looked to the west,  
And she saw his corpse a-coming;  
"I could have saved that young man's life  
By giving him Barbara Allen!

"O mother, O mother, go make my bed,  
Make it of tears and sorrow;  
Sweet William died for me to-day,  
And I will die for him to-morrow.

"O father, O father, go dig my grave,  
Dig it deep and narrow;  
Sweet William died of true love's sake,  
And I shall die of sorrow."

Sweet William died on Saturday night,  
And Barbara died on Sunday;  
Her mother died for the love of both  
And was buried alone on Monday.

Sweet William was buried in the new churchyard,  
And Barbara beside him;  
And out of his grave sprang a lily-white rose,  
And out of hers a briar.

They ran to the churchyard tower,  
 And could not grow any higher.  
 They tied themselves in a true love knot,  
 And the rose ran around the briar.

## H.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Holliman; 1909.)

It was in the month of May  
 When all the sweet was dwelling;  
 A young girl on her death bed lay,  
 For the love of Barbry Allen.

She sent her servant into town  
 Where Barbry was dwelling:  
 "Your true love said for you to go there,  
 If your name be Barbry Allen."

Slowly, slowly, he got up,  
 So slowly, slowly he did go;  
 And when he got there he said, "Dear girl,  
 I'm sure you must be dying."

"Oh, yes, I'm sick, and very sick,  
 And all the doctors can't cure me;  
 I am not any better, nor never will be,  
 If I can't get Barbry Allen."

"Oh, yes, you're sick, and very sick,  
 And all the doctors can't cure you;  
 You are not any better, nor never will be,  
 For you can't get Barbry Allen."

She turned her pale face to the wall;  
 He turned his back upon her;  
 And before he got away from town  
 He heard her death bell ringing.

And every knock it seemed to say,  
 "Cruel, cruel, is your name,  
 And wicked is your nature,  
 For you could have saved this poor girl's life,  
 If you had done your duty."

"Yes; cruel, cruel, is my name,  
 And wicked is my nature,  
 For I could have saved this poor girl's life  
 If I had done my duty."

His true lover died on Saturday night,  
 And Barbry died on Sunday;  
 His mother died for the love of both:  
 They were buried on Easter Monday.



2. ONCE I COURTED A FAIR BEAUTY BRIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Holliman; 1909.)

Once I corted a fair beauty bright,  
 In my sight she did take great delight.  
 She granted me her love; I returned her back the same;  
 And that's the reason why she never could complain.

Her old father, he came for to know  
 What makes these people love each other so.  
 He locked her up in the chamber; he kept the key shore;<sup>2</sup>  
 And I never got to see my truelove any more.

Once every day to the chamber I did go  
 To see if I could get my truelove or no;  
 And when she would ring her hand and cry and sing,  
 "I love a man that loves me; I love him till I die."

Then to some foreign country I did go  
 To see if I could forget my love or no;  
 And when I got there, the armor shone so bright  
 It give me second thought of my heart's delight.

Six long years I spent in the war.  
 The seventh long year I returned home again.  
 Her old mother she met me and rung her hands and cried,  
 "Sing, my daughter loved a man that loved her; she loved him till she died."

Then I was struck like a man that was slain;  
 The tears from my eyes fell like showers of rain.  
 Come all ye young people who never felt the pain,  
 Come give me paper, ink, and pin (*sic*); I'll write you down the same.

## 3. CARELESS LOVE.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909.)

I'm going to leave you now;  
 I'm going ten thousand miles.  
 If I go ten million more,  
 I'll come back to my sweetheart again.

Love, oh, love! 'tis careless love (*twice*)  
 You have broken the heart of many a poor boy,  
 But you will never break this heart of mine.<sup>3</sup>

I cried last night when I come home (*twice*)  
 I cried last night and night before;  
 I'll cry to-night; then I'll cry no more.

Who will shoe your pretty feet?  
 And who will glove your hand?

<sup>1</sup> Evidently from a broadside (cf. this Journal, vol. xxvi, p. 176).<sup>2</sup> Long *u* before *r*, in Southern speech, is changed to long *o*. So "ac cyore," "endore."<sup>3</sup> For the same sentiment cf. this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 249.

Who will kiss your red rosy cheeks?  
When I am in that far-off land?<sup>1</sup>

"Pa will shoe my pretty little feet;  
Ma will glove my hand;  
You may kiss my red rosy cheeks,  
When you come from that far-off land."

#### 4. LADY ISABEL (Child, 4).<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent to E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Go and take of your father's gold  
And likewise of your mother's fee,  
And two steeds out of your father's stable  
Wherein lays thirty and three."

She went and took of her father's gold  
And likewise of her mother's fee  
And two steeds out of her father's stable  
Wherein lay thirty and three.

She jumped on the bony, bony black,  
And him<sup>3</sup> on the dapple gray  
And rid off from her father's bowers  
Two long hours before it was day.

When they got near to their journey's end  
It was near to the bank of the sea.  
He turned round to his pretty Colin  
Saying "I've something to say unto thee.

"It's six king's daughters I have drowned here  
And you the seventh shall be."

"Hush up, hush up! you false-hearted knight,  
Did you not promise me  
You'd take me to the land of old Scotland  
And there you would marry me?"

"Pull off, pull off your Holland gown  
And lay it upon the rocks  
For it's too fine and costilie  
To rot in the sea salt sand.

"Pull off, pull off your Holland gown  
And lay it upon the ground  
For it's too fine and costilie  
For to rot in the watery tomb."

<sup>1</sup> With this stanza compare Child, No. 76. It occurs also popularly in Kentucky. Compare also this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 240.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xix, p. 232; vol. xxii, p. 65; vol. xxiii, pp. 132, 374.

<sup>3</sup> The mountain folk use an accusative of the absolute instead of the nominative,—  
"him done gone" (he being gone).

"Turn yourself all round and about  
And your face to the leaves of the tree,  
For it's not fit such a villain as you  
A naked woman should see."

Then he turned himself all round and about  
And his face to the leaves of the tree;  
Then she picked him [up] so manfullie  
And she hoved him into the sea.

"Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted knight,  
Lie there instead of me;  
You stripped me as naked as ever I was born  
And I'll take nothing from thee."

Then she jumped on her bony, bony black  
And she led the dapple gray  
When she got back to her father's bowers  
Three long hours before it was day.

Then up bespoke the pretty parrot  
From the cage wherein it lay  
"What ails you, my pretty Colin,  
That you travel so long before day?"

"Hush up, hush up, you pretty parrot,  
And tell no tales on me,  
And your cage shall be made of the best of beaten gold  
And hang on a willow tree."

Then up spoke this good old man  
From the chamber where he lies [lay?]  
"What ails you, my pretty parrot,  
That you pray so long before day?"

"There was a cat came to my cage door  
A-threatening to worry me,  
And I had to call my pretty Colin  
To drive that cat away."

5. THE TURKISH LADY (Child, 52).<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Lord Bacon was a nobleman,  
As fair one as you should see,  
He gathered all his silks and rubies;  
The Turkish land he'd go and see.

He first blowed east and then blowed west  
And he blowed down to the Turkish land  
The Turks they got him and so sadly used him  
To love his life he was quite wearied.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xviii, p. 209; vol. xx, p. 251; vol. xxii, p. 68; vol. xxiii,

p. 450; see also Harvard College Library 25254.12.10.

They bored a hole in his left shoulder  
And nailed him down unto a tree  
They gave him nothing but bread and water  
And bread and water but once a day.

The Turks they had but one fair daughter,  
As fair a one as you should see;  
She stole the keys of the prison strong  
And vowed Lord Bacon she would set free.

She said, "Have you got any land or living,  
Or have you any dwelling free?  
Would you give it all to a Prince's daughter  
If she would set you at liberty?"

Then he says, "I've got a land and living,  
And I have got a dwelling free;  
And I'll give it all to you, pretty creature,  
If you will do that thing for me."

She went on to her Master's cellar,  
And from her father stole a jail key.  
She opened the dungeon both deep and wide,  
And vowed Lord Bacon she would set free.

Then she took him to her master's cellar  
And drew some of the best port wine,  
And, "Drink a health to you, pretty creature!"  
"I wish, Lord Bacon, that you were mine!"

And then they drew each other's notes of love,  
And seven years they were to stand;  
He vowed he'd marry no other woman  
Unless she married some other man.

Then she took him on to the sea-side  
And left him sailing over the main.  
"Fare ye well! Fare ye well! you pretty creature!  
Oh, when shall I see you again!"

When seven years were past and gone  
And seven months and almost three,  
She gathered all her silks and rubies  
And vowed Lord Bacon she'd go and see.

When she got to Lord Bacon's hall  
She knocked so far below the ring,  
"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said the bold proud porter,  
"She knocks so hard, fain would she come in."

"Is this Lord Bacon's hall?" she said;  
"Or is there any man within?"  
"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" said the bold proud porter,  
This day has fetched him a young bride in."

[Stanza missing here.]

She says, "Now you've married some other woman  
And I have married no other man;  
I wish I had my notes of love,  
Straight back to the Turkish land I'd go."

Then up spoke the young bride's mother,  
An angry spoken old thing was she,  
Saying, "Would you quit my own fair daughter  
And take up with a Turkish ladye?"

He said, "You may take your daughter home with you,  
For I'm sure she's none the worse for me,  
For the prettiest thing stands here awaiting  
That ever my two eyes did see.

She's got a ring on every finger,  
And on her middle one she's got three,  
And gold around her neck a-plenty  
To buy all Cumberland of thee."

He took her by the lily-white hand  
And took her to his master's cellar  
And drew some of the best port wine  
Saying, "Drink a health, pretty creature,  
Who freed me from such a prison strong."

He took her by the lyly-white hand  
And gently led her to his hall  
And changed her name from Pretty Nancy  
And called her name, it was noble Jane.

6. GEORGE COLLINS (Child, 85).

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

George Collins rode home one cold winter night,  
George Collins rode home so fine,  
George Collins rode home one cold winter night,  
He taken <sup>1</sup> sick and died.

A fair young lady in her father's house  
A-sewing her silk so fine  
And when she heard that George was dead  
She threw it down and cried.

"O daughter, don't weep! O daughter, don't mourn!  
There are more boys than one."

"O mother dear! he has my heart,  
And now he's dead and gone."

"The happiest hours I ever spent  
Were when I was by his side;

<sup>1</sup> The regular past tense of "take" in the Appalachian Mountains.

The saddest news I ever heard  
Was when George Collins died."

She followed him up, she followed him down;  
She followed him to his grave,  
And there she fell on her bended knees;  
She wept; she mourned; she prayed.

"Unscrew the coffin; lay back the lid;  
Roll down the linen so fine;  
And let me kiss his cold pale lips,  
For I know he will never kiss mine.

"Whenever you hear some lonesome dove  
Go flying from pine to pine  
A-mourning for its own true-love  
As I have mourned for mine."

#### 7. FAIR ELLENDER (Child, 73).<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Come riddle to me my own true mother,  
Come riddle us all as one,  
Whether I must marry fair Ellender or not,  
Or bring the brown girl home" (*twice*).

"The brown girl she has house and lands;  
Fair Ellender she has none;  
And I advise you, my own heart's blessing,  
Go bring the brown girl home."

.....  
"Go saddle up my milk white steed,  
Yourself you must dress in green."  
And every town that she rode through  
They took her to be a queen.

.....  
"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,  
And paint my coffin black,  
And bury fair Ellender in my arms,  
And the brown girl at my back.

"Oh, dig my grave, dear mother," he said;  
"Dig it both wide and deep;  
And bury fair Ellender in my arms,  
And the brown girl at my feet."

#### 8. EARL BRAND (Child, 7).

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"Rise up, you seven bretherens,  
And bring your sister down;

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xix, p. 235; vol. xx, p. 254; vol. xxiv, p. 332.

It shall never be said that a steward's son  
Had taken her out of town."

"I thank you kindly, sir," he says;  
"I am no steward's son,  
My father is of a regis king,  
My mother's a quaker's queen."

He moun'd her on a milk-white steed,  
He rode the dapple gray,  
He swung a bugle horn all round about his neck,  
And so went blowing away.

He had not got three mile of town  
Till he looked back again,  
And saw her father and seven bretherens  
Come tripling over the plain.

"Sit you down, fair Ellender," he said;  
"And hold this steed by the rein,  
Till I play awhile with your father  
And your seven bretherens."

Fair Ellender she sat still;  
It wasn't long till she saw  
Her own dear seven bretherens  
All wallowing in their blood.

Fair Ellender she sat still;  
She never changed a note,  
Till she saw her own dear father's head  
Come tumbling by her foot.

Saying, "Love runs free in every vein  
But father you have no more;  
If you're not satisfied with this,  
I wish you were in your mother's chamber  
And me <sup>1</sup> in some house or room."

"If I was in my mother's chamber,  
You'd be welcome there;  
I'll wind you east, I'll wind you west,  
I'll wind along with you."

He moun'd her on a milk-white steed,  
He rode the dapple gray,  
He swung a bugle all round about his neck,  
And so went bleeding away.

As he rode up to his father's gate,  
He tinkled at the ring,  
Saying, "O dear father, asleep or awake,  
Arise and let me in."

<sup>1</sup> Another accusative absolute.

"O sister, sister! make my bed;  
My wounds are very sore."  
Saying, "O dear mother! oh, bind up my head,  
For me you'll bind no more."

It was about three hours till day  
The cocks began to crow;  
From every wound that he received  
His heart blood began to flow.

Sweet William he died like it might be to-day;  
Fair Ellender to-morrow;  
Sweet William died for the wounds he received;  
Fair Ellen died for sorrow.

Fair Ellender was buried by the church door;  
Sweet William was buried by her;  
And out of her breast sprung a blood red rose,  
And out of his a briar.

They grewed, they grewed to the top of the church,  
Till they could grow no higher,  
And there they tied a true lover's knot,  
And the rose ran round the briar.

#### 9. LADY MARGET (Child, 74).<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Sweet William arose one morning in May  
And dressed himself in blue,  
"Pray, tell me all about that long, long love  
Betwixt Lady Marget and you."

"It's I know nothing of Lady Marget,  
And she knew nothing of me.  
To-morrow morning at eight o'clock  
Lady Marget my bride shall see."

As she was a-standing in her bower room,  
A-combing back her hair,  
She saw sweet William and his brown broughten bride  
As they drew near to her.

Back she threw her ivory comb,  
And back she threw her hair;  
Then she ran to her bed-chamber  
Nevermore to appear.

That very same night when they were all in the bed,  
When they were all in the bed asleep,  
Lady Marget rose, stood all alone  
At sweet William's bed feet.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xix, p. 281; vol. xxiii, p. 381.



"And how do you like your bed, sweet William,  
And how do you like your sheet?  
Or how do you like your brown broughten bride  
That lies in your arms asleep?"

Very well, very well, I like my bed;  
Very well I like my sheet;  
Ten thousand times better I like the lady gay  
That stands at my bed feet.

Sweet William arose; stood all alone,  
And tingled at the ring;  
There's none so ready but her seven brothers all  
To rise and let him in.

"Oh, where is Lady Marget?" he says;  
"Oh, where is Lady Marget?" he cries.  
"Lady Marget is the girl I always did adore,  
And she stole my heart away.

"Is she in her bower room  
Or is she in her hall?  
Or is she in her bed-chamber  
Amongst her merry maids all?"

"She is not in her bower room,  
Nor neither in her hall;  
But she is in her cold, cold coffin,  
Her pale face towards the wall.

And down he pulled the milk-white sheets  
That were made of satin so fine:  
"Ten thousand times you have kissed my lips,  
And now, love, I'll kiss thine."

Three times he kissed her snowy white breast;  
Three times he kissed her cheeks;  
But when he kissed her cold clay lips,  
His heart was broke within.

"What will you have at Lady Marget's burying?  
Will you have bread and wine?  
To-morrow morning at eight o'clock  
The same will be had at mine."

They buried Lady Marget at the church door  
And buried sweet William by her;  
Out of Lady Marget's grave sprung a green, green rose,  
Out of sweet William's a briar.

They grew and grew to the top of the church  
And they could grow no higher.  
And they tied a true love's knot  
And lived and died together.

10. WILEY BOLIN.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Teller; 1907.)

Wiley Bolin had a good ole mare,  
 Hurrah!  
 Wiley Bolin had a good ole mare,  
 Hurrah!  
 Eyes knocked out en sides caved in,  
 Hurrah!  
 "A durn good mare!" said Wiley Bolin,  
 Hurrah!  
  
 He rode her up to Miss Malvern's house,  
 Hurrah!  
 He rode her up to Miss Malvern's house,  
 Hurrah!  
 En they bowed en scraped, en welcomed him in,  
 Hurrah!  
 "I've come to marry!" said Wiley Bolin,  
 Hurrah!  
  
 "Which one uv my daughters do you love best?"  
 Hurrah!  
 "Take your selection among the rest,"  
 Hurrah!  
 "I'll marry one fer love, en I'll marry one fer kin;"  
 Hurrah!  
 "So I'll marry 'em both," said Wiley Bolin,  
 Hurrah!  
  
 After the ball the floor's swept clean,  
 Hurrah!  
 After the ball the floor's swept clean,  
 Hurrah!  
 The bed<sup>2</sup> wus spread en the kiver wus thin,  
 Hurrah!  
 "I'll sleep in the middle," said Wiley Bolin,  
 Hurrah!

11. THE SEA-CAPTAIN (cf. Child, 267).<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

There was a sea captain lately come to shore,  
 His ragged apparel like one that was poor.  
  
 "What news, what news, dear Johnny, what news have you brought to me?"  
 "It's bad news, madam, I have brought to thee.  
  
 "Our ship had a broken voyage and all was lost," said he;  
 "And all the rest of our merry men got drowned at sea.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Child, No. 39; Eckenstein, p. 52; and Chambers, p. 33; see also Harvard College Library, 25254.10.5.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxv, p. 7.

"Call down your daughter Polly, and set her down by me;  
We'll drink and drown all sorrow, and married we will be."

"My daughter Polly's busy and cannot come to thee,  
And neither can I trust you for one bowl or three."

Then poor Johnny smiled and hung down his head.  
"Go light the candle and show me the bed."

"My green beds are all full and have been this week,  
And therefore poor Johnny his lodging may seek."

"Pray, tell me what I owe you, and that I will pay;  
Pray, tell me what I owe you, and without delay."

"Here's fifty of the new score and something of the old."  
Then poor Johnny pulled out both hands full of gold.

When the old hag saw the money, then she began to rue;  
Said, "Come back, dear Johnny, I have not done with you."

"If you were in earnest, I was only in a jest;  
Upon my reputation I love you the best."

"For my green beds are all empty and have been for a week,  
For you and my daughter Polly to take a pleasant sleep."

"No, I won't lie in your green beds, I'd rather lie in the street;  
For when I had no money, out of doors I was kicked."

"Now I've got money plenty, I'll make the tavern roar;  
With ale and beer and brandy I'll drink about galore."

12. SANDY.<sup>1</sup>

(From Kentucky; recitation of Miss Mary Kahn; 1913.)

The moon had climbed the highest hill that rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed its silvery light o'er land and sea.

And Mary laid her down to sleep, her thoughts of Sandy far at sea,  
When soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently raised her head to ask who there might be,  
And saw young Sandy shivering stand, with pallid cheek and hollow eye.

"O Mary, dear! cold is my clay, that sleeps beneath the raging sea;"  
And soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

"Three days and nights we strove to save our little bark upon the sea,  
But all our striving was in vain; so, Mary, weep no more for me."

Loud struck the clock, the shadow fled; no more of Sandy could she see;  
But soft and low a voice she heard, saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

<sup>1</sup> A well-preserved version of an old Scottish song. Contrast the flavor of this with material of non-literary origin, — say, with "Franky" of this collection.

## 13. THERE WAS AN OLD MAN.

(From Kentucky; MS. of Miss Kahn; 1913.)

There was an old man came over the Dee;  
Ha! ha! ha! but I won't have him!  
Came over the Dee, a-courting me,  
With his old beard so newly shaven.

My mother she told me to open the door;  
I opened the door and he bowed to the floor.

My mother she told me to hang up his hat;  
I hung up his hat and he grinned like a cat.

My mother she told me to give him a stool;  
I gave him a stool and he looked like a fool.

My mother she told me to give him some fish;  
I gave him some fish and he ate up the dish.

My mother she told me to give him some pie;  
I gave him some pie and he cried "Oh, my!"

My mother she told me to lead him to church;  
I led him to church but I left him in the lurch.

## 14. SOLDIER, WON'T YOU MARRY ME?

(From Virginia; country whites; singing of Miss N. B. Graham; 1913.)

CHORUS.

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The third staff is another vocal line. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line. The piece ends with a double bar line and the word 'Fine.' written above the second staff. The label 'D. C. Chorus.' is written above the fourth staff.

Fine.

D. C. Chorus.

"Soldier, won't you marry me with your fife and drum?"  
"Oh, no! my pretty little miss; I have no coat to put on."  
Then away she ran to the tailor's shop as fast as she could run,  
And bought the finest coat in town for the soldier-boy to put on.

"Now, soldier, won't you," etc. (*with each article of clothing*)

"Now, soldier, won't you marry me with your fife and drum?"  
"Oh, no! my pretty little miss! I have a wife at home."

15. OLD SMOKY.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

On the top of old Smoky all covered in snow  
I lost my true lover by sparking too slow.<sup>1</sup>

Sparking is a pleasure, parting is a grief,  
And a false hearted is worse than a thief.

A thief will only rob you, will take what you have,  
And a false-hearted lover will take you to the grave.

The grave will only decay you, turn you to dust;  
There's not one boy in a hundred a poor girl can trust.

They will tell you they love you to give your heart ease,  
And as soon as your back's upon them they'll court who they please.

"It's a raining, it's a hailing; that moon gives no light;  
Your horses can't travel this dark lonesome night.

"Go put up your horses, feed them some hay;  
Come and set down here by me, love, as long as you stay."

"My horses are not hungry, they won't eat your hay:  
So farewell, my little darling! I'll feed on my way.

"I will drive on to Georgia, write you my mind;  
My mind is to marry, love, and leave you behind.

"Your parents is against me; mine is the same;  
If I'm down on your book, love, please rub off my name."

"I go upon old Smoky on the mountain so high,  
Where the wild birds and the turtle-dove can hear my sad\_cry."

"As sure as the dew drops grows on the green corn,  
Last night I were with her, but to-night she is gone."

16. I'M GOING TO GEORGIA.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Once I loved a young man as dear as my life,  
And he ofttimes would promise to make me his wife.

*Refrain.*

I'm going to Georgia, I'm going to roam,  
I'm going to Georgia to make it my home.

His promises fulfilled and he made me his wife,<sup>2</sup>  
So you see what I have come to by believing his lies.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xx, p. 273.

<sup>2</sup> The vowel in this word is pronounced like that in "lies," so that there is perfect  
assonance.

Come, all ye fair ladies, take warning by me:  
Never cast your affections on a green growing tree;

For the leaves may wither and the flowers may die;  
Some young man may fool you as one has fooled I.

For they'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies  
Than cross-ties on the railroad or stars in the skies.

#### 17. THE SILK MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

There was a rich gentleman in London did right,  
Had one lovely daughter her beauty shined bright.  
She loved a porter, and to prevent the day  
Of marriage they sent this poor young man away.

Oh, now he has gone for to serve his king  
It grieves this lady to think of the thing.  
She dressed herself up in rich merchant's shape;  
She wandered away her true-love for to seek.  
As she was travelling one day almost night  
A couple of Indians appeared in her sight.<sup>2</sup>

And as they drew nigh her, oh, this they did say:  
"Now we're resolved to take your life away."  
She had nothing by her but a sword to defend;  
These barbarous Indians murder intend.

But in the contest one of them she did kill,  
Which caused the other for to leave the hill.  
As she was a-sailing over the tide  
She spied a city down by the seaside.

She saw her dear porter a-walking the street;  
She made it her business her true love to meet.  
"How do, you do, sir? where do you belong?"  
"I'm a-hunting a diamond, and I must be gone."

He says, "I'm no sailor; but if you want a man,  
For my passage over I'll do all I can."  
Then straightway they both went on board.  
Says the captain to the young man, "What did you do with your sword?"  
On account of long travel on him she did gaze.  
"Once by my sword my sweet life I did save."

Then straightway to London their ship it did steer;  
Such utter destruction to us did appear;  
It was all out on main sea to our discontent,  
Our ship sprung a leak and to the bottom she went.

<sup>1</sup> A version of the broadside "Jackass" (cf. this Journal, vol. xx, p. 269).

<sup>2</sup> Does this represent an American accretion?

There was four and twenty of us all contained in one boat;  
Our provision gave out and our allowance grew short;  
Our provisions gave out, and, death drawing nigh,  
Says the captain, "Let's cast lots for to see who shall die."

Then down on a paper each man's name was wrote;  
Each man ran his venture, each man had his note.  
Amongst this whole ship's crew this maid's was the least;  
It was her lot to die for to feed all the rest.

Now, says the captain, "Let's cast lots and see  
Amongst the ship's crew who the butcher will be."  
It's the hardest of fortune you ever did hear:  
This maid to be killed by the young man, her dear.

He called for a basin for to catch the blood  
While this fair lady a-trembling stood,  
Saying, "Lord have mercy on me how my poor heart do bleed  
To think I must die hungry men for to feed."

Then he called for a knife his business to do;  
She says, "Hold your hand for a minute or two.  
A silk merchant's daughter in London I be.  
Pray, see what I've come to by loving of thee."

Then she shewed a ring betwixt them was broke.  
Knowing the ring, with a sigh then he spoke:  
"For the thoughts of your dying my poor heart will burst;  
For the hopes of your long life, love, I will die first."

Says the captain, "If you love her, you'll make her amend,  
But the fewest of number will die for a friend.  
So quicken the business and let it be done."  
But while they were speaking, they all heard a gun.

Says the captain, "You may now all hold your hand;  
We all hear a gun; we are near ship or land."  
In about half an hour to us did appear  
A ship bound for London which did our hearts cheer.

It carried us safe over and us safe conveyed;  
And then they got married this young man and maid.

18. WHEN I BECAME A ROVER.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

When I became a rover, it grieved my heart most sore  
To leave my aged parents to never see them more.

My parents did treat me tenderly, they had no child but me;  
But my mind was bent on roving; with them I couldn't agree.

There was a noble gentleman in yonder town drew nigh;  
He had one only daughter; on her I cast my eye.

She was young and tall and handsome, most beautiful and fair;  
There wasn't a girl in that whole town with her I could compare.

I told her my intention, it was to cross the main.  
It's, "Love, will you prove faithful till I return again?"

She said she would prove faithful till death did prove unkind;  
We kissed, shook hands, and parted; I left my girl behind.

It's when I left old Ireland to Scotland I was bound;  
I'll march from Zion to me to view the country round.

The girls were fair and plenty there, and all to me proved kind;  
But the dearest object of my heart was the girl I left behind.

I walked out one evening all down the George's square;  
The mail-coach ship had just arose when the post-boy met me there.

He handed me a letter that gave me to understand  
That the girl I left behind me had wedded to another man.

I advanced a little further; I found the news quite true;  
I turned myself all round and about; I knew not what to do.

I'll serve my trade; I'll give my woe;<sup>1</sup> bad company I'll resign;  
I'll rove around from town to town for the girl I left behind.

#### 19. WILLIAM TAYLOR.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Oh, William was a youthful lover,  
Full of youth and wealth and heir;  
And first his love he could discover  
Was on a charming lady fair.

Samuel knowing nothing of Billy's doings  
Till Billy gained in great success;  
And Samuel swore he'd be Billy's ruin;  
He'd deprive him of all happiness.

The day was set for to get married,  
And dressed he was and all ready.  
Instead of Billy's getting married,  
Pressed he was and sent to sea.

Oh, must I live on bread and water  
Till his fair face I see again?  
She dressed herself in the sailor's jacket,  
And then on sea she did go.

Her little fingers both slim and slender  
With kitchen fare must all be stained.

.....

<sup>1</sup> Another version of this apparent broadside, also furnished by Mr. Caldwell, reads here, "I'll bear my woes."

<sup>2</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xxii, p. 380.



Out on sea there rose a dreadful screaming,  
And her<sup>1</sup> being among the rest,  
A silver button flew off her jacket,  
And a sailor spied her snowy white breast.

It's, "O pretty miss! what is the matter?  
Oh, what misfortune's brought you here?"  
"I'm on pursuit of my own true lovyer  
Sailed away the other year."

"If you're on pursuit of your own true lovyer,  
Pray, tell to me what is his name."

"His name it be one William Taylor,  
Pressed he was from the Isle of Graham."

"If his name be William Taylor,  
Very like I know the man;  
If you'll rise up early in the morning,  
You'll see him a-walking down the strand."

She arose early the next morning,  
Just about the break of day,  
And there she spied her own love William Taylor  
Come walking with his lady gay.

"If that be my William Taylor,"  
She cried, "alas! what shall I do?"  
She wrung her lily white hands  
And over bow her body threw.

This lady died for William Taylor;  
The watery main it was her grave.  
The whole ship's crew they tried to save her,  
But all they strived it was in vain.

20. THE DAMSEL DISGUISED.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Come, all you fair ladies that's linked in Cupid's chain;  
I'll tell you of a damsel a-sporting on the plain.  
It was her and her dear Billy that used to sport and play,  
And the press-gang followed after and pressed her love away.

With bitter screams and crying she ran and tore her hair.  
She said, "I'll go distracted for losing of my dear."  
She wished the wars might kill them that pressed her love away,  
And would leave their bodies sinking forever in the sea.

Then straightway she went home and dressed like any duke with a star  
upon her breast.

She swore she'd kill the Captain if he her miss list.<sup>3</sup>  
The officers stood a-gazing this noble duke to see,  
To think he was a-coming there commander for to be.

<sup>1</sup> Accusative absolute.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xxiv, p. 338, for a broadside something like this.

<sup>3</sup> MS. reads thus, evidently for "mislest," given as a dialectic form of "molest."

Now, straightway she walked up, took this young man by the hand,  
Saying, "You are my prisoner, and you I'll command;  
You robbed me of my treasure; I'll try you for your life."  
"I never robbed a man," says he, "a man in all my life."

Hand in hand they walked on till they came to a shade;  
Then she began to ask him if he knew such<sup>1</sup> a maid.  
His eyes they overflowed with tears a-hearing of her name.  
"Hold your tongue, my dear!" she said, "for I'm the very same."

Then into his love's arms like lightning he did fly:  
"Oh, my dearest jewel, how could you all this do?  
How could you venture your sweet life to cross the raging sea?"  
"I ventured life for fortune this young man's wife to be."

#### 21. THE PRENTICE BOY.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

When I was brought up in Ireland to a note of high degree,  
My parents they adored me; no other child but me.  
I raked and rambled over, just as my fancies led;  
At length I came a prentice boy; my joys they soon all fled.

My mistress and my master they didn't use me well;  
I formed a resolution not long with them to dwell.  
Unbeknown to friends and parents, from them I stole away;  
I steered my course to Dublin, so bitter be that day!

I hadn't been in Dublin more than weeks two or three,  
Before my worthy mistress grew very fond of me.  
And "Here's my gold and silver, my horses and free land;  
If you'll consent to marry me, it's all at your command."

It's, "Oh, my worthy mistress, I cannot wed you now,  
For I'm promised to pretty Polly, besides a solemn vow;  
I'm promised to pretty Polly and bounded in an oath;  
I'm promised to pretty Polly and I cannot wed you both."

I stepped out one morning to take the pleasant air;  
My mistress in the garden a-viewing sweet flowers there;  
The rings that's on her fingers as she came passing by  
She dropped into my pocket and for them I must die.

My mistress swore against me, and she had me brought  
Before the cruel justice to answer for that fault.  
My mistress swore I robbed her, which lodged me into jail.  
That's been the provocation of my sad overthrow.

Come, all you bystanders, don't laugh nor frown on me,  
For I have plead not guilty, you all may plainly see.  
Here's adieu to pretty Polly! I died a-loving thee.

<sup>1</sup> That is, a certain maid.

<sup>2</sup> Evidently a broadside reworking of the Potiphar's wife theme. See "The Sheffield Apprentice," in Harvard College Library 25254.12.10.

22. POLLY.<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

I am a man of honour and from Virginia came;  
I courted a fair damsel, and Polly was her name.

I gained her affection so plainly did show,  
And her self-conceited brother, he proved her overthrow.

Her brother being absent, as we do understand,  
"O sister! don't you have him; he's neither house nor land.

"Sister, don't you have him; here's one handsome gown;  
Two more I will give to you, the best in Campbell's town."

It filled her heart with sorrow; she stepped aside to cry,  
"If I had all the silks and satins that ever crossed the sea,  
Freely would I give it all if my friends could all agree."

Then to meet with lovely Polly I travelled day and night,  
Hoping when I met with her it was to take delight.

When I met with her it was my sad surprise  
How the tears were falling from her most charming eyes.

"What's the matter, Polly, what makes you look so sad?  
Have I give you any reasons to cause you to be mad?"

"If I gave you any reason, love, it ne'er was my intent.  
Pray, tell to me, dear Polly, what makes you so lament.

"You've altered your mind, love, as I do understand,  
For a three gown pattern<sup>2</sup> and but one of them in hand.

"You've altered your mind, love, and has [have?] a mind to rue;<sup>4</sup>  
I hope I'll find some other girl I love as well as you.

"Love is a thing, my dear, that can't be bought nor sold.  
Love's been more dear to me than ten thousand pounds of gold."

23. YOUNG EDWARDS.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

I am a dying soldier lying near the battle field,  
My comrades gathering round me down by my side to kneel.

To gaze upon young Edwards, who raised a drooping head,  
Saying, "Who will care for mother when her soldier boy is dead?"

Go tell my old father in death I prayed for him  
That we might meet in a world that's freed from [death and] sin.

<sup>1</sup> A ballad of the broadside type, apparently of American manufacture.

<sup>2</sup> A town in Albemarle County.

<sup>3</sup> That is, "for the makings of three gowns." A "boat pattern" is lumber enough to make a boat.

<sup>4</sup> That is, to swap back again, as in a trading of knives.

I am my father's only son, my mother's only joy;  
She weeps the tears of angels for her dying soldier boy.

Go tell my little sister for me she must not weep,  
Here no more by her fireside take her on my [knee?]

Nor sing them little songs to her she used to hear me sing,  
For her brother's lying bleeding at the battle of Mill Springs.

I am my father's only son to comfort his old age,  
My heart is like a captured bird a-fluttering in its cage.

But when I heard my name was called for a soldier to be,  
I voted for the Union and for its liberty.

Now, listen, comrades, listen, of the girl I speak of now!  
[Line missing.]

But little does she care for me: she walks along and sings,  
And her true-love lying bleeding at the battle of Mill Springs.

Many a thousand soldier who raised a drooping head  
To gaze upon young Edwards, who prayed before he died.<sup>1</sup>

The stars and stripes he kissed them and layed them by his side:  
"Here's three cheers for the Union!" and he dropped his head and died.

#### 24. COLONEL SHARP.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. given E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Gentlemen and Ladies, I pray you lend an ear;  
A very sad story you now shall quickly hear;  
It was of a bold young lawyer lived in Kentucky state  
Who on his own true lover with patience he did wait.

<sup>1</sup> "Ere the soldier boy was dead"?

<sup>2</sup> The killing on which this ballad is based occurred in Frankfort in 1824. It became the basis of widely spread ballads. To students of American literature the affair is of interest, in that it was the basis of Poe's fragmentary tragedy *Politian*, Hoffman's *Greyslaer*, and of some four or five other pieces of American literature. Jereboam O. Beauchamp, a young student of law living in Glasgow, Ky., learned from a fellow-student that Col. Sol. P. Sharp, under whom Beauchamp expected to study law, had been guilty of seducing Miss Ann Cook. He conceived at once a contempt for Sharp, and through sympathy for the girl sought her acquaintance. He soon fell in love with Miss Cook, and asked her to marry him. She made one condition, that he kill Sharp. He agreed to the condition, and tried to make Sharp fight. Sharp refused and kept out of Beauchamp's way. Beauchamp made all his neighbors believe that he and his wife (the two had married in the mean time) were going to move to Missouri. He arranged that just before his proposed departure urgent business should take him to Frankfort, where Sharp held the position of attorney-general. Beauchamp, having disguised himself as a negro, called Sharp out of his home at night and killed him. He then sunk his disguise in the river, and, having put on his own clothes again, slipped back into his hotel. On the next day he returned to his home; but he was suspected, arrested, and convicted. He and his wife both tried to commit suicide by drinking poison. The wife died of the poison one hour after the husband was executed for his deed. While in prison, Beauchamp wrote at length a Confession, which is occasionally seen even now for sale.

She told him she would marry him if he would avenge her heart  
Of injury had been done her by one said Colonel Sharpe,  
She said he had reduced her and brought her spirits low  
"And without some satisfaction no pleasures can I know."

It's "Oh, my dearest Jewel, that's pleasant talk to me.  
To kill the man who injured you I really do feel free;  
For I never could expect you for to become my wife  
Until I did attack him and surely take his life."

He had made some preparations and on to Frankfort went;  
To kill this noble Colonel it was his whole intent.  
He took him out to one side and gave to him a knife.  
He said, "I cannot fight you if this lady be your wife."

He went down to Frankfort all on the very next day.  
He hunted Frankfort over, and Sharpe had gone away.  
He turned to his lovyer and told her what he'd done,  
And both agreed within themselves they'd let him longer run.

She made a mask of black silk and put it on his head;  
So they might think he was some negro as he ran from the bed.  
He slipped along most secretly till he came to Colonel Sharpe;  
Called him from his bed chamber and stabbed him to his heart.

And then this Colonel's friends they all came flocking round.

.....  
And wasn't it most sorrowful to see him bleed and die,  
And leave his little children and his poor wife to cry?

And then his dearest lovyer turned to his loving wife,  
Says, "Oh, my dearest Jewel, I've took that Colonel's life.  
And now we will prepare ourselves and to Missouri run,<sup>1</sup>  
And I hope we'll be more happier than when we first begun."

She said, "Oh, my dearest Jewel, just do as you please;  
You've took me out of trouble and set me at my ease."  
This couple was followed after and back was fetched again.  
He was tried by judge and jury, and guilty he was found.  
They carried him to the jail house and in it he was bound.

Then he called for pen and ink to write all around,  
"I want this whole world to know what I have done:  
I've killed this noble Colonel that injured my poor wife  
And always will protect her as long as I have life.

"My dear old father, don't you trouble me;  
And my dear old mother, don't grieve nor cry for me;  
For the laws of old Kentucky say I must shortly die  
And leave my little brothers and sisters here to cry."

<sup>1</sup> The trip to Missouri was planned before the murder.  
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Then he says, "Oh, my dearest Jewel, come stay awhile with me,  
For I shortly must leave you to go to eternity.  
May the heavens bless you while here on earth you stay,  
And all my friends protect you and help you on your way."

She says, "My dearest Jewel, I'll stay awhile with you;  
The reasons of your troubles were all becaused by me."  
She says, "I will stay with you while here on earth you stay,  
And when you're persecuted lie with you in the clay."

She ground her penknife, she ground it keen and sharp;  
While he was talking to her she stabbed it to her heart;  
She gave it to her own true-love, he undertook the same;  
The very second blow he made she stopped it with her hand.

Perhaps there's some one here who'd wish to know their names.  
It was Andy Bowens Beecher and Andy Cooker's dame.  
And wasn't it surprising that they behaved so brave,  
And in each other's bosom lay mouldering in the grave?  
Was ever a transaction that caused so much blood  
Was ever a true-hearted man more constant to his love?

#### 25. PEARL BRYN.<sup>1</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

Down, down in yonder valley where the flowers fade and bloom,  
Our own Pearl Bryn is sleeping in her cold and silent tomb.  
She did not die broken hearted nor from lingering illness fell,  
But in one instant parted from a home she loved so well.

One night when the moon shone brightly and the stars were shining too,  
When up to her cottage window her jealous lover drew.  
"Come, Pearl, and let us wander in the valley deep and gay;  
Come, love, and let us ponder upon our wedding day."

Deep, deep into the valley he led his love so dear;  
Says she, "'Tis for you only that I have wandered here;  
The way seems dark and dreary, and I'm afraid to stay;  
Besides, I'm worn and weary and would retrace my way."

"Retrace your way? No, never! These woods you'll roam no more;  
No one on earth can save you; Pearl Bryn, you now must die."  
Down on her knees before him she pleaded for her life;  
Deep, deep into her bosom he plunged the fatal knife.

"What have I done, Scot Jackson, that you should take my life?  
I always loved you dearly and would have been your wife.  
Farewell, my loving parents, you'll see my face no more;  
Long, long you'll wait my coming at the little cottage door.

"Farewell, my darling sisters, my peaceful happy home!  
Farewell, my dear old schoolmates, with you no more I'll roam!"

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xx, p. 264.

When birds were sweetly singing their bright and joyous songs  
They found Pearl Bryn's body on the cold and silent ground.<sup>1</sup>

26. SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.<sup>2</sup>

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Miss Sanders; 1912.)

Johnny Ray went out one day  
Into the meadow for to mow some hay.

Mowed round and round and at last did feel  
A pizen sarpent bite his heel.

"Oh, Johnny dear, why did you go  
Into the meadow that hay for to mow?"

"Oh, Mary dear, I thought you knowed  
Daddy's hay had to be mowed."

At last he died; gave up the ghost;  
And on to Abraham's bosom did coast,

Crying, crying, as he went,  
"Cruel, cruel sar-pi-ent!"

27. JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR.<sup>3</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

Oh, dear! what can the matter be? (*twice*)

Johnny's so long at the fair.  
He promised to bring me a basket of roses,  
A basket of pinks, and a basket of posies,  
A little straw hat, and a bunch of blue ribbon  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh, dear! what can the matter be? (*twice*)

Johnny's so long at the fair.  
He promised to bring me a ring and a locket,  
A few little things to put in my pocket,  
A little fur cap, and a bunch of blue ribbon  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

28. FORSAKEN.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

My Willie is a good boy, a good boy is he;  
How often he's told me how constant he'd be!  
He's out on the water; he'll sink or he'll swim;  
If he can live without me, I can live without him.  
I'll pull off my grey dress, I'll put on my green;  
If I am forsaken, I'm only sixteen!

<sup>1</sup> Another version of this wide-spread song from Rush Run, W. Va., gives to the girl the name Loretta, and to the boy Willie.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xii, p. 242; vol. xiii, pp. 107, 295.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Mother Goose's Book (London, 1910), p. 30.

Forsaken, forsaken, forsaken by one!  
 Poor fool, he's mistaken, if he thinks I will mourn.  
 I'll tell him I love him, to give his heart ease;  
 And then when his back's turned, I'll love who I please.

Green leaves they will wither, and branches decay,  
 And the promise of a young man will soon fade away.  
 Oh, I can live likely! oh, I can live long!  
 I can love an old sweetheart till a new one comes along.<sup>1</sup>

29. THE ORPHAN GIRL.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. lent E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"No home, no home!" pretty <sup>3</sup> little girl at the door of a princely hall,  
 As she trembling stood on the polished steps and leaned on the marble wall.  
 It was dark and cold and the snow fell fast and the rich man shut his door,  
 As his proud face frowned and he scornfully said, "No room, no room for  
 the poor."

"I must freeze," she said, as she sunk on the porch and strove to wrap her  
 feet

With her tattered dress all covered with snow, all covered with snow and  
 sleet.

Her clothing was thin, and her feet were bare, but the snow had covered  
 her head.

"Give me a home," she mournfully cried, "a home and a piece of bread.

"My father, alas! I never knew," as the tears bedim her eyes;<sup>4</sup>

"My mother sleeps in a new-made grave; I'm an orphan, a beggar to-night."  
 The rich man slept on his velvet couch and dreamed of his silver and gold.  
 And the poor little girl in her bed of snow murmured, "So cold, so cold!"

The night it passed like a midnight charm, tolled out like a funeral knell.  
 This earth was wrapped in a winding sheet; the drifting snow still fell.  
 The night it passed and morning drew, still laid at the rich man's door,<sup>5</sup>  
 But her soul had fled to a home above where there's room and bread for  
 the poor.

30. THE BLIND CHILD'S PRAYER.<sup>6</sup>

A.

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

"They tell me, father, that to-night you wed another bride;  
 That you will clasp her in your arms, where my dear mother died.

<sup>1</sup> With this sentiment compare this *Journal*, vol. xx, p. 269.

<sup>2</sup> Evidently the work of the minstrel. Most probably a song from the world of print, that, by reason of its obvious pathos, found a place in the repertoire of the folk. I have another version from Clay County, Kentucky.

<sup>3</sup> Kentucky MS., "Plead a little girl."

<sup>4</sup> Kentucky MS., "With the tears so bright in her eyes." Read "in her eyes so bright."

<sup>5</sup> Kentucky MS., "Morning dawns on the little girl as she lay at the rich man's door."

<sup>6</sup> This is evidently the work of a literary hand. Such songs are often taken over into the possession of folk.



"Her picture's hanging on the wall; her books are lying near;  
And there's the harp her fingers touched, and there's her vacant chair.

"The chair where by her side I've knelt to say her evening prayer;  
Please, father, do not bid me come, for I could not meet her there.

"But when I've cried myself to sleep, as now I often do,  
Then softly to my chamber creep<sup>1</sup> my new mamma and you.

"Then bid her gently press a kiss upon my throbbing brow,  
Just as my own dear mother would. Why, papa, you're weeping now!

"Now let me kneel down by your side and to the Savior pray  
That God's right hand may guide you both through life's long weary way."

The prayer was murmured, and she said, "I'm growing weary now."  
He gently raised her in his arms and laid her on the bed.

Then as he turned to leave the room, one joyful cry was given.  
He turned and caught the last sweet smile; his blind child was in heaven.

They lay her by her mother's side and raised a marble fair,  
And on it engraved these simple words, "There'll be no blind ones there."

B.<sup>2</sup>

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. taken by E. N. Caldwell from a mountain  
banjo-picker's singing; 1913.)

They say her name is Mary too, the name my mother wore,  
Nor will she prove so kind and true as the one you loved before.

Is her step so soft and low, her voice so sweet and mild?  
And do you think she loves me too, your blind and helpless child?

And, father, do not bid me come [to greet your new-made bride];  
I could not meet her in the room [where] my dear mother died.

Her picture's hanging on the walls, her robes are lying there;  
There is the harp her fingers touched, there sits the vacant chair.

Close by her side when [= where?] I have [knelt] to say my evening prayer.  
O father! it would break my heart. I could not meet her there.

31. THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED.<sup>3</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

On a summer day when the waves were rippled  
By the softest gentlest breeze  
Did a ship set sail with a cargo laden  
For a port beyond the seas.

<sup>1</sup> Apparently a volitive subjunctive.

<sup>2</sup> The verses here, taken from a badly mangled form of this song, may be added to those of the North Carolina version.

<sup>3</sup> A song well known among the mountain folk of East Tennessee. See Harvard College Library 25241.29.

There were sweet farewells, there were loving signals,  
 While a form was yet discerned;  
 For they knew it not, 'twas a solemn parting,  
 For the ship she never returned.

*Refrain.*

Did she ever return? No, she never returned;  
 For her fate is yet unlearned,  
 Though for years and years there's been kind hearts watching  
 For the ship that never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,  
 "I must cross the wide, wide sea;  
 For they say perchance in a foreign climate  
 There is strength for me."

'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger  
 Her poor heart for her youngest earned<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet she sent him forth with a smile and blessing  
 On the ship that never returned.

"Only one more trip," said a gallant seaman,  
 As he kissed his weeping wife  
 "Only one more bag of this golden treasure,  
 And it will last us all through life.

"Then I spend my days in my cosey cottage  
 And enjoy the rest I have earned;"  
 But alas, poor man! for he sailed commander  
 Of the ship that never returned.

32. A PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS.<sup>2</sup>

(From North Carolina; mountain whites; MS. written for E. N. Caldwell; 1913.)

In a little rosewood casket that is resting on the stand  
 There's a package of old letters written by a cherished hand.

Will you go and bring them, sister, and read them all to-night;  
 I have often tried, but could not, for the tears would blind my sight.

Come up closer to me, sister, let me lean upon your breast;  
 For the tide of life is ebbing, and I fain would be at rest.

Bring the letters he has written, he whose voice I've often heard,  
 Read them over, love, distinctly, for I've cherished every word.

Tell him, sister, when you see him, that I never cease to love;  
 That I dying prayed to him in a better world above.

Tell him that I was supported, never word of censure spoke,  
 But his silence and his absence this poor heart have well-nigh broke.

<sup>1</sup> So spelled in the MS. Possibly Pistol's word.

<sup>2</sup> See Harvard College Library 25241.29.

Tell him that I watched his coming when the noontide sun was high,  
And when at eve the angels set their starlights in the sky.

But when I saw he came not, tell him that I did not chide,  
But I spoke in love about him and I blessed him when I died.

And when in death's white garment you have wrapped my form around,  
And have laid me down to slumber in the quiet churchyard ground,

Place these letters and the picture close beside my pulseless heart.  
We for years have been together, and in death we will not part.

I am ready now, my sister, you may read the letters o'er;  
I will listen to the words of him whom I shall see no more.

And ere you shall have finished should I calmly fall asleep,—  
Fall asleep in death and wake not,—dearest sister, do not weep.

33. BILLY GRIMES.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

To-morrow morn I'm sweet sixteen, and Billy Grimes, the drover,  
Has popped the question to me, Ma, and wants to be my lover.  
To-morrow [morn] he says, my Ma, he's coming here quite early,  
To take a pleasant walk with me across the field of barley.

"You must not go, my daughter dear, there is no use in talking.  
You shall not cross the field with Billy Grimes a-walking.  
To think of his presumption! the dirty, ugly drover!  
I wonder where your pride has gone to think of such a rover.

"Old Grimes is dead you know, my Ma, and Billy is so lonely;  
Besides they say of Grimes' estate that Billy is the only  
Surviving heir to all that's left, and that they say is nearly  
A good ten thousand dollars, Ma, about six hundred yearly.

I did not hear, my daughter dear, your last remark quite clearly,  
But Billy is a clever lad and no doubt loves you dearly;  
Remember, then, to-morrow morn, to be up bright and early,  
To take a pleasant walk with him across the field of barley.

34. BILL.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. P. Bean; 1909.)

I'll tell you of a fellow, a fellow you have seen;  
He's neither blue nor yellow, but altogether green,  
He's altogether green, he's altogether green,  
He's neither blue nor yellow, but altogether green.

His name is not so charming; it's only common Bill;  
He wishes me to marry him, but I hardly think I will.  
I hardly think, etc.

He wrote me a letter, such a letter you have read;  
He said if I didn't marry him he thought 'twould kill him dead.  
He thought, etc.

And the Holy Bible says it is a sin to kill;  
 And since I've thought it over, I think I'll marry Bill.  
 I think, etc.

35. JOHNNY SANDS.<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Kent; 1909.)

A man whose name was Johnny Sands  
 Had married Betsy Hage;  
 And though she brought him gold and lands,  
 She proved a mighty plague.

For oh! she was a scolding wife,  
 Full of caprice and whim;  
 She said that she was tired of life,  
 And that she was tired of him.

Said he, "I will drown myself;  
 The river runs below."  
 Said she, "Pray do, you silly elf;  
 I've wished it long ago."

"For fear that I might courage lack  
 And try to save my life,  
 Pray, tie my hands behind my back."  
 "I will," replied his wife.

She tied them fast as you may think,  
 And when securely done,  
 Says she, "Now stand upon the brink,  
 And I'll prepare to run."

Then down the hill his loving bride  
 Did run with all her force  
 To push him in: he stepped aside,  
 And she fell in, of course.

Then splashing, dashing like a fish,  
 "Oh, save me, Johnny Sands!"  
 "I can't, my dear, though much I wish,  
 For you have tied my hands."

## 36. THE BEAUTIFUL BOY.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

'Twas a cold winter's day about six in the mo'n,  
 That I, little innocent baby, wus bo'n.  
 There wus doctor an' nurse an' a gret many more,  
 But none of them had seen such a baby before.

Some said I wus like my Mama-a;  
 "Yes; an' there is the nose uv Papa-a.  
 With a few alterations, oh, La-a,  
 We'll make him a beautiful boy.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxv, p. 12; see also Harvard College Library 25254.10.5.

"To make him a beauty," spoke out Mrs. Speer,  
"We'll be troubled unless the child has a sweet leer."

Then, to give me this leer, Mrs. Glazier arose  
And a lump of red putty stuck bang on my nose  
To make me a beautiful boy.

Oh, it made me to wink and to blink, O!  
And the ladies knew not what to think, O!  
And at last it turned into this squint, O!  
To make me a beautiful boy.

37. O MY LAURA LEE!

A.

(From North Carolina; country whites; MS. of W. Lockhart; 1905.)

There's money in my pocket;  
Don't you hear it jingle?  
I'll never marry  
As long as you stay single.

O my Laura Lee!  
O my Laura Lee!  
O my Laura Lee, girl,  
Oh, do remember me!

I've been travellin' roun' this worl';  
I've travelled with the sun;  
If I can't marry the girl I love,  
I'll never marry none.

I wish I had a ban' box  
To put my true-love in;  
I'd take her out an kiss twice  
An lay her back agin.

My rifle's on my shoulder;  
I'm bettin' on the yan;<sup>1</sup>  
I'm going to California  
To see my love agan.<sup>2</sup>

Rabbit in the lowlan',  
Playin' in the san'  
If he don't min' 'fore the sun goes down,  
I'll have him in my han'.

Hop rabbit! jump rabbit!  
Rabbit gone to mill.  
Rabbit spilt his co'n,  
Singing mountain hill.

<sup>1</sup> Dialectic form of "yon;" i.e., the things yonder.

<sup>2</sup> The next two stanzas are omitted as unprintable.

Never marry a widow,<sup>1</sup>  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 Her neck's so long an stringy  
 I'm afraid she'll never die.

## B.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908.)  
 I wouldn't marry a pore gal,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 She'd blow her nose on a cornbread crust  
 En call it punkin pie.

## C.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909.)  
 I wouldn't marry a preacher,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 He goes all over the country,  
 And eats all the chicken pie.  
  
 I wouldn't marry a widow,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 She's got so many children,  
 They'd make the biscuits fly.

## D.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Stokes; 1909.)  
 I wouldn't marry a yellow gal,  
 I'll tell you the reason why:  
 She's always sittin' on another man's lap  
 And telling her husband a lie.

## E.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)  
 I wouldn't marry a school-teacher,  
 No, not a tall.  
 Sits on a stool, and acts like a fool;  
 I won't marry her a tall.  
  
 Apples in the summer-time,  
 Peaches in the fall,  
 I wouldn't marry a school-teacher,  
 No, not a tall.  
  
 I wouldn't marry a country girl,  
 No, not a tall.  
 Sits by the road and hops like a toad;  
 I won't marry her a tall.

## F.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of G. Ragland; 1913.)  
 I wouldn't marry a country girl;  
 I'll tell you the reason why:

<sup>1</sup> A well-known sentiment (cf. this Journal, vol. xx, p. 247).

She combs her hair with a curry-comb,  
And that don't suit my eye.

I wouldn't marry a city girl;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
Wants to spend every dollar that you get,  
And that don't suit my eye.

38. SWEET LILY.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; recitation of F. Le Tellier; 1913.)

My foot's in my stirrup; my bridle's in my han';  
I'm courtin' sweet Lily to marry her if I can.

The old folks don't like me; they say I'm too poor;  
They say I'm not worthy to knock at their door.

They say I drink liquor, but the money is my own,  
And those that don't like me can let me alone.

39. IDA RED.

A.

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)

Ida Red, Ida Red,  
Everybody loves old Ida Red.

Went down to Ida's about half past ten;  
Took old Ida a glass of gin.

"Now, here, old Ida, drink this gin;  
And we won't be long making it up again."

I went down to Ida's about half past four;  
"Get up, old Ida, and open the door.

"Get up, old Ida, and don't be so slow;  
Give them rambling men time to go."

I went down to Ida's about half past two.  
I said to Ida, "Who's in the bed with you?"

"Open the door and let me see."  
"There ain't nobody in the bed with me."

Got up and lit the lamp;  
There stood that stinking scamp.

Buy me a horse and make me a sled,  
And I'll go home with Ida Red.

Ain't but one thing I do hate:  
Went down to Ida's and stayed too late.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lomax gives a version of this in *Cowboy Songs*. This is sung to music modified from that of "The Pretty Mohee."

## B.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from singing of a mountain boy; 1908.)

See me stan'in' there shakin' my head;  
See me study 'bout Ida Red.

Make me a sled en buy me a mule;  
Take little Ida to Sunday school.

Ida Red she ain't no fool;  
She's got a head like a Texas mule.

Shanghai rooster got no comb;  
Pore little Ida got no home.

40. FRANKY.<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Franky went down the bayou;  
Franky heard a bull-dog bark;  
Franky said, "That's Albert  
Hiding in the dark,  
For he's my man; but he's done me wrong."

Franky went down a dark alley;  
Heard a bull-dog bark:  
And there lay her Albert,  
Shot right through the heart.  
"Oh, he's my man; but he's done me wrong."

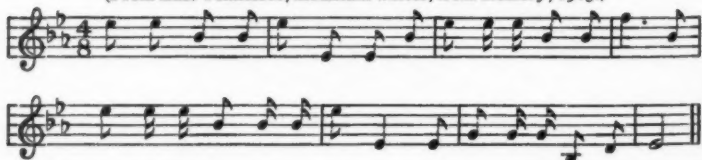
Franky went on the witness stand;  
The judge says, "Don't tell me no lie;  
When you shot poor Albert,  
Did you intend for him to die?  
Oh, he's your man; but he's done you wrong."

Oh, rubber tire buggy,<sup>2</sup>  
Rubber tire hack,  
Took poor Albert to the cemetery,  
But it never is brought him back.  
"Oh, he's my man; but he's dead and gone."

41. LIZA JANE.<sup>3</sup>

## A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

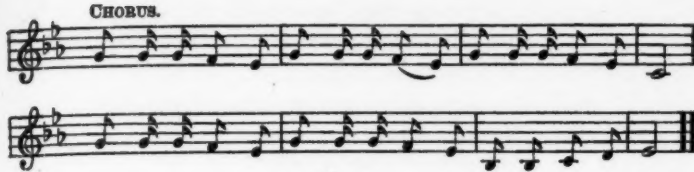


<sup>1</sup> An indigenous ballad that has many of the finer qualities of the older compositions.

<sup>2</sup> Compare this *Journal*, vol. xxiv, pp. 289, 354, 367.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. iii, p. 290; vol. vi, pp. 131, 134.





*Chorus.*

Pore little Liza, pore little gal!  
Pore little Liza Jane!  
Pore little Liza, pore little gal!  
She died on the train.

B.

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)

Go up on the mountain top  
To plant me a patch of cane  
To make me a barrel of molasses  
To sweeten up Lizie Jane.

Standing on the platform,  
Waiting for the train;  
"Get your old black bonnet,  
And let's go, Lizie Jane."

The hardest work that I ever done  
Was breaking on the train;  
The easiest work that I ever done  
Was hugging Lizie Jane.

Her nose just like an old coffee pot;  
Mouth just like a spout;  
Eyes just like an old fireplace  
With the ashes all took out.

My girl's name is Lizie;  
Her hair is very brown;  
Face just like a thundercloud,  
And the rain come pouring down.

C.

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908.)

Hoop-pole, Liza Jane,  
Hoop-pole, Liza Jane.  
Hoop-pole Liza, poly gal,  
And she rides on a train.

D.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

You go down the new cut road,  
And I'll go down the lane;

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If you get there before I do,  
Oh, tell Miss Lizer Jane.

## E.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

You ride the old gray mare,  
And I'll ride the mulie;  
You go round by the new cut road,  
And I'll go home with Julie.

## F.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mrs. Brown; 1909.)

She went up the new cut road,  
An' I went down the lane;  
I turned my head to my ol' gray hoss,  
"So good-by, Liza Jane!"

I axed her wouldn't she marry me;  
She axed me wasn't I 'shamed;  
I turned my head to my old gray horse,  
"So good-by, Liza Jane!"

## G.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

Your face looks like the coffee pot;  
Your nose looks like the spout;  
Your mouth looks like the fireplace  
With the ashes done raked out.

## H.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Upshur; 1909.)

Whoa, mule! whoa, mule!  
Whoa, mule! I say!  
Keep yo seat Miss Liza Jane,  
And hole on to de sleigh.

Keep yo seat, Miss Liza Jane,  
An' quit dat actin' de fool;  
I ain't got time ter kiss you now;  
I'm busy wid dis mule.

42. CRIPPLE CREEK.<sup>1</sup>

## A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1909.)

Goin' ter Cripple Creek, goin' ter Rome [roam?]  
Goin' ter Cripple Creek, goin' back home.

See them women layin' in the shade,  
Waitin' fer the money them men have made.

<sup>1</sup> A well-known mining district in Virginia.

Roll my breeches ter my knees  
En wade ol' Cripple Creek when I please.

B.

(From South Carolina; country whites; MS. of Mr. Bryan; 1909.)

Goin' to Cripple Creek, going in a run;  
Goin' to Cripple Creek to have my fun.

43. HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR GREENBACK?

A.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Bell; 1909.)

I'm not as green as a greenback,  
Although you take me to be;  
That young man from New Orleans  
Can't get away with me.

Oh, how're you off for greenback?  
How're you off, I say?  
How're you off for greenback?  
And give it all away.

I went down to New Orleans  
The other afternoon;  
I saw that . . . that house  
Running after the moon.

B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; recitation of Mr. Longest; 1909.)

It's beefsteak whin I'm hungry,  
An' whiskey whin I'm dry;  
It's greenback whin I'm ha'd up,  
An' heaven whin I die.

Oh, hie you<sup>1</sup> off fuh greenback? etc.

C.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

Up and down the railroad,  
Cross the county line;  
Pretty girls are plentiful;  
A wife is hard to find.

Carried my girl in the parlor;  
Said she would be mine;  
Put my arm around her;  
Give her a Yankee dime.

Ask her would she marry me;  
What you reckon she said?  
Said she wouldn't have me  
If all the rest were dead.

<sup>1</sup> A frequent contraction for "How are you?"

Cornbread when I'm hungry;  
 Whiskey when I'm dry;  
 Pretty girl when I marry;  
 Heaven when I die.

D.

(From Missouri; cowboys; MS. of Frederick Braun; 1905.)

Oh, it's beefsteak when I'm hungry,  
 And it's whiskey when I'm dry;  
 If a tree don't fall on me,  
 I'll live till I die.

44. SHADY GROVE.<sup>1</sup>

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

Once I was a little boy<sup>2</sup>  
 Playin' in the san';  
 Now I am a great big boy  
 En think myself a man.

Shady, shady, my little love,  
 Shady I do know;  
 Shady, shady, my little love,  
 I'm boun' fer shady grove.

When I wus a little boy,  
 All I wanted a knife;  
 Now I am a gret big boy  
 En now I want a wife.

Some come here to fiddle en dance;  
 Some come here to tarry;  
 Some come here to fiddle en dance;  
 I come here to marry.

Ev'ry night when I go home,  
 My wife I try to please her;  
 The more I try, the worse she gets;  
 Damned if I don't leave her!

B.

(From Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of Mr. House; 1905.)

Shady grove, my little love,  
 Shady grove, my darling;

<sup>1</sup> This is sung to the same tune as "Old Joe Clark." Whether the tune belongs to the one or the other, or to neither, I am unable to say. I should like to remark here, what I have not seen stated anywhere else, that the small number of tunes as compared with the songs in circulation may often account for the mixing of ballads. I am sure that it has been only with the greatest difficulty that I have been able to separate some of the songs in this collection from others sung to the same tune, and I am not sure now that I have not put some stanzas in the wrong songs.

<sup>2</sup> A good starting-point for a song (cf. Chambers, p. 155).

Shady grove, my little love,  
Going back to Harlan.<sup>1</sup>

Fly around, my blue-eyed girl,  
Fly around, my daisy;  
Fly around, my blue-eyed girl;  
Nearly drive me crazy.<sup>2</sup>

The very next time I go that road,  
And it don't look so dark and gray;<sup>3</sup>  
The very next time I come that road,  
Stop and see my daisy.

I once had a mulie cow,<sup>4</sup>  
Mulie when she was born;  
Took a jay-bird forty year  
To fly from horn to horn.

Apples in the summer,  
Peaches in the fall;  
If I can't marry the girl I want,  
I won't have none at all.

45. SALLY ANN.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of R. E. Monroe; 1913.)

I went to see my Sally Ann; she met me at the door,—  
Shoes an' stockin's in her han', an' her feet all over the floor.

I ast her if she loved me;  
She said she felt above me;  
Out the door she shoved me—  
I won't go there any more.

46. SIXTEEN MILES AWAY FROM HOME.

(From Kentucky; country whites; recitation of Miss A. Howard; 1912.)

Sixteen miles away fum home, chickens crowin' fuh day,  
Somebody talkin' tuh my sweetheart, en they'd bettuh be gettin' away.

47. THAT BRAND NEW DRESS.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Tellier; 1912.)

"Oh, where did yer get thet bran' new dress,  
En the shoes thet look so fine?"  
"I got my dress from a railroad-man,  
En my shoes from a driver in the mine."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A county in eastern Kentucky.

<sup>2</sup> With this stanza compare this Journal, vol. vi, p. 134.

<sup>3</sup> I have been unable to identify this word.

<sup>4</sup> One having no horns.

<sup>5</sup> The conversation is of course addressed to a woman who is obliged to depend for personal needs upon more than one source of supply.

## 48. PORE GAL!

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; singing of F. Le Tellier; 1912.)

Wear brass buttons on the old blue clothes,  
 En have ter go ter work when the whistle blows,  
 Pore gal, pore gal!<sup>1</sup>

## 49. HOP LIGHT, LADIES.

(A.—From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1909.)

Hop light, ladies, on the ballroom floor;<sup>2</sup>  
 Never mind the weather, so the wind don't blow!

Hop light, ladies, on the ballroom floor;  
 Never mind the legs, so the garters don't show!

(B.—From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Hop light, ladies, yer cake's all dough;  
 Never mind the weather so the wind don't blow.

## 50. WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.

(From Indiana; country whites; MS. of Mr. Davidson; 1908.)

When I was a little boy,  
 Mother kept me in;  
 Now I am a big boy  
 Fit to serve a king.  
 I can handle a musket;  
 I can smoke a pipe;  
 I can kiss a pretty girl  
 Ten o'clock at night.<sup>3</sup>

When I was a little girl,  
 Mother kept me in;  
 Now I am a big girl,  
 She can't do it agin.  
 I can wash the dishes;  
 I can sweep the floor;  
 I can court a pretty boy  
 Till ten o'clock or more.

51. IF YOU DON'T QUIT A-FOOLIN' WITH MY DONY.<sup>4</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

If yer don't quit a-foolin' with my dony,  
 I'll tell yer just whut I'll do;  
 I'll finger roun' yer heart with a razor,  
 En I'll cut yer goozle in two.

<sup>1</sup> One stanza of a song representing the shift to the manufacturing stage of life,—a shift rapidly taking place now in many Southern States.

<sup>2</sup> Pronounced "flo" by many Virginians.

<sup>3</sup> For this stanza compare Halliwell, Nos. ccxlv and ccli.

<sup>4</sup> Regular word for sweetheart (cf. Dialect Notes, vol. iii, p. 306).

52. I LOVE SOMEBODY.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)



I love somebody; yes, I do;  
 'Tween sixteen en twenty-two,  
 Pretty little girl, en I wont tell who.

53. THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.<sup>2</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

"The moon shines bright;  
 Ken I see you home to-night?"

"The stars do too;  
 I don't keer if yer do."

54. NEW MOON, TRUE MOON.<sup>3</sup>

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

New moon, true moon,  
 The first I've seen to-night,  
 I wish I may, I wish I might,  
 See my truelove in my dream to-night.

## 55. IF YOU LOVE ME.

A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905.)

Ef you love me like I love you,  
 There'll be a little weddin' in a day er two.<sup>4</sup>

B.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

If you love me like I love you,  
 No knife can cut our love in two.

<sup>1</sup> Sung to the music of a favorite dance-tune.<sup>2</sup> A formula used by the boy in asking permission to go home with a girl from "meetin'."<sup>3</sup> An incantation used when one sees the new moon (cf. Chambers, p. 343; and this Journal, vol. ii, p. 148).<sup>4</sup> A fair sample of the love verses exchanged by the older "scholars" of the day-school.

## C.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1914.)

Ef you love me like I love you,  
No axe ken cut our love in two.

## 56. BLUE IS THE VIOLET.

## A.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1910.)

Blue is the violet,  
En red is the rose,  
En how I love the pretty girls  
God-a'-mighty knows.

57. OVER THE HILL.<sup>1</sup>

(From Virginia; country whites; from memory; 1910.)

Ovuh the hill an daown the holluh  
S'lute yuh bride an' gimme a dolluh.

58. I LOVE COFFEE.<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Reedy; 1909.)

I love coffee; I love tea;  
I love the girls and the girls love me.

## 59. SWEETHEART, LIGHT OF MY LIFE.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

Sweetheart, light of my life,  
If only you could be my wife!  
And for thee I pine  
And think of thee all the time.

<sup>1</sup> A formula used by the "marryin' squire." This official sometimes makes a business of marrying run-away couples. These promoters of the public weal not only keep on the lookout for couples contemplating marriage, but even sometimes employ agents in public places to suggest the important step to any who may appear eligible. Couples with no other objective than that of a holiday trip are said frequently to find it embarrassing to alight from a train or boat in such towns as Jeffersonville, Ind. So much of a nuisance has magisterial solicitation become in some places, that legislation has been directed against it. Such magistrates, sometimes, also keep a waiting-list of eligibles for the inspection of those in search of a mate. The ceremony used by the "marryin' squire" is often of the briefest, — the two essential questions, and the declaration that the two are man and wife. An example of a minister of the gospel who has entered the same field of activity may be seen in Parson Burroughs of Bristol, Va.-Tenn., to whom couples come from both sides of the State line. He is said to meet every train, at the same time providing everything necessary, — from umbrellas to shelter the party from inclement weather, to the witnesses for the ceremony. In the mountains the run-away marriage is considered the proper form, the home or church wedding being practically unknown.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Halliwell, No. cxxii.



60. I LIKE NOBODY.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Bell; 1909.)

I like nobody, nobody likes me,  
But I'm as happy as I can be;  
I'm going to live single, always be free,  
Because I like nobody, and nobody likes me.

61. WHEN I WAS SINGLE.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

When I was single, my pocket would jingle;  
But now I am double, and I have a lot of trouble.

62. LUCY NEAL.

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Way down in Alabama,  
'Twas just above Mobile,  
'Twas there I spied that creole girl;  
Her name was Lucy Neal.

O Lucy Neal! O Lucy Neal!  
If I had you by my side, how happy I would feel!

63. WHOLE HEAP U' NICKELS.<sup>1</sup>

(From East Tennessee; country whites; from memory; 1909.)

Whole heap u' nick'ls en a whole heap u' dimes;  
Go to see my Loo-loo gal a whole heap u' times.

64. THE ROAD IS WIDE.

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1908.)

The road is wide en I can't step it;  
I love you en I can't he'p it.

65. COFFEE GROWS ON WHITE-OAK TREES.<sup>2</sup>

(From Virginia; country whites; singing of Miss N. B. Graham; 1912.)

Coffee grows on white-oak trees;  
Rivers all flow with brandy;  
Rocks all shine with a glittering gold,  
And the girls as sweet as candy.

66. WHO'S BEEN A-FOOLIN'?

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Honey, when I had you, you wouldn't do;  
Got another woman an' I don't want you.  
Ain't no use uv raisin' san';  
I kin git another woman 'fore you can a man.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this Journal, vol. xxii, p. 248.

<sup>2</sup> For another version from North Carolina compare this Journal, vol. vi, p. 134.

Who's been a-foolin', who's been a-tryin',  
Who's been a-foolin' that gal o' mine?

I wouldn't mind it, I wouldn't care,  
But you've been a-pullin' back all the year.  
Every time I come it's a nickel an' er dime;  
Would give you some, but I ain't got time.

## 67. PURTY YALLER GAL.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Purty yaller gal had er hole in her stockin',  
Er hole in her stockin', er hole in her stockin',  
Purty yaller gal had er hole in her stockin',  
An' her heel stuck out behind.

## 68. WAY DOWN YANDER.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Way down yander whar I come fum,  
De gals all call me sugar plum.

## 69. OLE SUKEY.

(From Virginia; negroes; recitation of Mrs. Longest;<sup>1</sup> 1909.)

Ole Sukey she fell in love wid me;  
She axed me home to take tea.  
An' whut do yuh think she had fuh supper!  
Chicgn-foot, spa-uh-grass, hominy, an' butter.

Clare out de kitchen, ole folks, young folks! (*twice*)  
Ole Ferginia nebber tire.

70. A SCOLDIN' WIFE.<sup>2</sup>

(From Mississippi; negroes; recitation of C. Brown; 1909.)

If I should marry a scoldin' wife,  
I'd beat huh, sho's yuh bo'n;  
I'd take huh down tuh New Orleans,  
An' trade huh off fuh co'n.

## 71. ALLIE BELL.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Allie Bell, don't you weep,  
Allie Bell, don't you moan,  
Allie Bell, don't you leave your home.

You understand my gal  
Standing in the door;  
Her shoes and stockings in her hand  
And her feet all over the floor.

<sup>1</sup> Reported also from Kentucky by Miss Mary Kahn, 1913.

<sup>2</sup> See "Lucy Long," in Harvard College Library 25242.10.5.

72. SOME OF THESE DAYS.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Some of these days I'm going to go crazy,  
Take my gun and shoot my baby.  
Nobody's business but my own.  
Hush, my little baby! just listen to my song.  
Who's going to be your baby when I'm dead and gone?

Just put your arms around me,  
Lay your head upon my breast,  
And when I'm gone just sing this song,  
"There's a bullet gone to rest."

73. JIMMY WHIPPED POOR MARY.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

Jimmy whipped poor Mary  
With a singletree,  
And she cried, "Lord have mercy!  
Don't murder me!"

74. MY HEART AM SO SAD.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Harrison; 1909.)

I'm going in de house and close my door,  
For my heart am so sad;  
'Cause my Roberta won't write no more;  
Oh, my heart am so sad!

75. OH, WHERE WAS YOU?

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Oh, where was you when de steamer went down, Captain? (*thrice*)  
I was wid my honey in de heart o' town, O Captain!

76. DONE ALL I CAN DO.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of W. G. Pitts; 1909.)

Done all I can do  
Trying to get along wid you;  
Gwine to carry you to your mammy pay day.

77. TREAT ME RIGHT.

(From Mississippi; negroes; 1909.)

The time is coming and it won't be long,  
You'll get up some morning, and you'll find me gone.  
So treat me right and jolly me along  
If you want this nigger to sing the old home song.

78. RARE BACK SAM.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Anderson; 1909.)

Rare back, Sam! stand back, Davis!  
As soon kiss a monkey as a poor white man.

## 79. RAIN, COME WET ME.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1909.)

Rain, come wet me! Sun, come dry me!  
Gal got honey, an' she won't come nigh me.

## 80. BROWN SKIN GAL.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Mr. Aldrich; 1909.)

I laid in jail, back to the wall;  
Brown skin gal cause of it all.

I've got the blues; I'm too damn mean to talk.  
A brown skin woman make a bull-dog break his chain.

## 81. COTTONEYE JOE.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Ef it hadn't been fer dat Cottoneye Joe,  
Mought er been married six er seven year ago.

## 82. EVERY TIME THE SUN GOES DOWN.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909.)

Every time the sun goes down  
I hangs my head in grief.

Dat day I lef my father's house,  
Dat day I lef my frien'.

I fare you well, my own true love,  
Dey's plenty mo' girls den you.

## 83. YOU GO OUT.

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of F. R. Rubel; 1909.)

You go out and you don't come back,  
Glory halleluger!

I'll take a stick and break your back,  
[Glory halleluger!]

You go out of here, you flopheaded hound;  
I'll take a stick and knock you down,  
Glory halleluger!

## 84. LOVE IT AM A KILLING THING.

(From Virginia; negroes; from memory; 1912.)

Love it am a killin' thing, beauty am a blossom;  
Ef yuh want tuh get yuh finger bit, poke it at a 'possum.

SIGNS AND OMENS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

COMMUNICATED BY G. L. KITTREDGE.

THE following poetical compendium of superstitions is reprinted from an undated broadside of about 1790, belonging to the Massachusetts Historical Society. The broadside mentions neither printer nor place of publication; but it was undoubtedly printed in America, and probably at Boston or elsewhere in New England. A few words or letters, lost on account of the somewhat tattered condition of the broadside, are conjecturally supplied within brackets.

FENNEL-SEED

*An Excellent New Song, composed over a bed of FENNEL, just sown.*

"He that soweth Fennel Seed, soweth sorrow,  
"For death will surely follow."

---

I.

WHAT scripture says, we must always  
Give good attention to;  
But they're unwise who credit lies,  
And count all fables true.  
This bed contains the last remains  
A thimble full or so,  
Of *Fennel-Seed*, which should indeed  
Have been sown long ago.

II.

But some receive and do believe  
Strange fancies which they hear;  
For some suppose whoever sows  
This seed, won't live a year.  
A thousand ways cut short our days,  
None are exempt from death;  
Yet we ne'er [r]ead that *Fennel-Seed*  
Ee'r stopt a person's breath.

III.

I can't devise where danger lies,  
In *Fennel-Seed* alone;  
The seed of Dill as well might kill,  
As any seed that's sown.

Should Heaven please to send disease  
 Or death approach with speed,  
 I don't think I shall sooner die  
 For sowing *Fennel-Seed*.

## IV.

*Adam* and *Eve* I [don't believe]  
 E'er heard [of] *Fennel-Seed*;  
 [And yet] they died, and more beside  
 [In] Genesis we read:  
 [Had it not been for *Adam's* sin,  
 [Earth]<sup>1</sup> might have been enjoyed;  
 [Neither] [t]he weeds, nor *Fennel-Seeds*,  
 [Would] e'er have life destroyed.

## V.

If *Eve* had not these words forgot,  
 Of this tree do not feed,  
 Till head[s] were white we lived might  
 In spite of *Fennel-Seed*:  
 Tho' some man's wife departed life,  
 After she'd sown a bed,  
 Others I know have lived to sow  
 Ten beds and are not dead.

## VI.

With whims like these, the women tease,  
 In tea cups they'll see danger;  
 Cocks crow in door, forks stick in floor,  
 These both denote a stranger.  
 Dreams they'll relate, each morning wait  
 Expecting some event,  
 If a good dream they cheerful seem,  
 If bad, then discontent.

## VII.

Deluded souls who trust in moles,  
 And dreams to guide their lives.  
 Women like these some men may please,  
 But seldom make good wives:  
 A humble bee in house they see,  
 Some friends are nigh at hand;  
 And itching feet foretell you'll eat  
 Your bread in foreign land.

## VIII.

If spiders brown or white spinn down  
 Before the women's eyes,  
 If white they're sad, if black they're glad,  
 This good luck signifies:

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps [Health].

An itching eye doth signify  
The same's a humble bee;  
It plainly shows, as they suppose,  
Friends quickly they shall see.

IX.

If cards from [lap] by some mishap,  
Unto the fl[oo]r descend,  
Day's work is o'er, they'll do no mor[e,]  
So that day's work must end:  
Petticoats unpin: then they begin  
Directly to conclude,  
Some roguish man is nigh at hand,  
Whose thoughts are very rude.

X.

Tricks they will try, thinking thereby,  
The sooner to get wed;  
I've known them bake a salted cake,  
To eat when going to bed;  
This cake it seems produces dreams,  
As saltness causes thirst;  
And it is said him they're to wed,  
Will bring them water first.

XI.

If I should mix their signs with tricks,  
It might increase my lines  
To that degree, that's best for me  
To mention only signs:  
Now I shall speak of burning cheek,  
And what it signifies;  
By this they know some secret foe  
Behind their backs tells lies.

XII.

If ears do ring then the next thing,  
They hear of some decease,  
With whims like these the women tease  
And give themselves no peace:  
The moon when new, they chance to vi[ew]  
O'er the right shoulder first,  
Tho this seems strange, till the next chan[ge]  
Good luck attends them most.

XIII.

Fortunes they'll see in dregs of tea,  
By looking in a dish;  
They will relate your future fate,  
Or tell you what you wish:

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This sign ne'er fails cut not your nails  
Upon a Sunday morn,  
Ashamed that day you'll be they say,  
As sure as you are born.

## XIV.

Garters by chance untie, from thence  
Their marriage is presaged:  
By this they find that some man's mind  
Upon them is engaged;  
I could mention o'er a thous[an]d more,  
But since I have no need,  
I'll cease straightway, and o[nly say]  
*They're all like FENNEL [SE]ED.*



THE MAGIC BOAT.

BY PHILLIPS BARRY.

A LEGEND of a magical self-moving boat appears in literary documents from the time of the Pyramid kings of Egypt, and is yet current in popular tradition. With certain considerations bearing upon the origin and diffusion of the legend, the following article will deal.

In the hagiographic tradition of the Latin Church is an important though neglected storehouse of information relative to themes and motifs in mediæval literature and modern folk-lore which have their parallels in the non-Christian literature and mythology of antiquity. This tradition is one of the by-products of the Egyptian-Christian institution of monasticism, and reaches back to a time when Christianity was yet in a fluid state.<sup>1</sup> The interest of the writers, who as early as the fourth century had developed a stereotyped literary form,<sup>2</sup> was only incidentally that of the historian:<sup>3</sup> they wrote to entertain. Inspired by *die Lust am Fabulieren*, they were not averse to the appropriation of properties from the lore of the old gods, as is shown by the presence of Egyptian elements in the legend-lore of the Church:<sup>4</sup> for instance, the bridge of sunbeams,<sup>5</sup> the ladder to heaven, the resuscitation of the dismembered dead by re-assembling their scattered members,<sup>6</sup> the healing properties of water in which a holy person had bathed.<sup>7</sup> In dealing with the origin of a given legend, the hagiography will not infrequently decide the question whether it is indigenous to the literature or lore of a certain people, or is part of a tradition which has spread with the expansion of Christianity.

The magic boat is a common property of the mythology of the Arthurian cycle,<sup>8</sup> and has been referred to Celtic sources. It is first found in secular literature in the *Echtra Condla* ("Adventures of Connla"), an Old Irish text of the *Lebor na h-Uidre* ("Book of the Dun Cow"), the compiler of which died in 1106.<sup>9</sup> In the hagiography,

<sup>1</sup> See my article "Martyrs' Milk" (*The Open Court*, September, 1914, pp. 561-564).

<sup>2</sup> Seen in the Coptic Tales of the Martyrs, of monotonous sameness in content, the saints being for the most part quite devoid of individuality.

<sup>3</sup> Notable exceptions, of course, are such documents as Willibald's life of St. Boniface, or Ruodger's biography of Bruno of Cologne.

<sup>4</sup> Louise Dudley, *The Egyptian Elements in the Legend of the Body and the Soul*, pp. 6-7, 11-14.

<sup>5</sup> See my article "The Bridge of Sunbeams" (*this Journal*, vol. xxvii, pp. 79-89).

<sup>6</sup> See my article "Martyrs' Milk" (*The Open Court*, September, 1914, pp. 564-565).

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 571.

<sup>8</sup> L. A. Paton, *Studies in the Fairy Mythology of Arthurian Romance*, p. 16.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 3.

however, are a number of references to miracles of self-moving ships which antedate the end of the tenth century, in witness whereof the following documents may be put in evidence.

1. The saint, by his presence on board, causes the ship to travel of itself.

(692-696.) Valerius. *Vita S. Fructuosi*, 13:

Quibus statim . . . remos naviculae auferentibus, vel etiam obdormientibus, ilico sanctissimus vir orans . . . nullo homine navem contingente, sed Dei sola manu gubernante, ad ulteriorem amnis ripam celeriter transmeavit.<sup>1</sup>

(806-808.) Book of Armagh:

Deinde, secundum imperium sui magistri, (Lommanus) in sua navi contrario flumine . . . Domino gubernante pervenit.<sup>2</sup>

2. The presence of a saint's body or relics on shipboard causes the ship to travel of itself.

(755-768.) Willibald. *Vita S. Bonifatii*, 8:

Sicque statim redditum est corpus . . . ac sine navigantium labore . . . perductum est ad . . . Magontiam.<sup>3</sup>

3. A ship in the service of a saint becomes animated with self-motion.

(847.) Rudolph of Fulda. *Vita S. Rabani Mauri*:

Subito e manibus eorum lapsa (navis) in amnem, vi quadam invisibili contra impetum fluminis acta ferebatur, donec ad locum quo sacrum onus susceptura erat, littori, applicita pervenit.<sup>4</sup>

(875.) Adrewald of Fleury. *Miracula S. Benedicti*:

Navis . . . subito absque humano remige a portu emota, medium Ligerim petit, . . . ibique contra adversum pelagus fortiter enatando, pervenit ad Posterulam. . . Videte, o cives, contemplamini qualiter. . . Benedictus mortali sine remige navem propriam . . . regit.<sup>5</sup>

(968.) Adso of Montier-en-Der. *Vita S. Waldeberti*, 14:

Mox navis divino impulsu a remige illuc absque humano iuvamine sponte perducitur qua sancti corpori [= corporis] gleba tenebatur.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> AA. SS. Boll., April, ii, 434.

<sup>2</sup> *Analecta Bollandiana*, ii, p. 213 (a note added by Ferdornach, compiler of the Book of Armagh, to Tirechan's memoir of St. Patrick). According to the Bethu Patraic (eleventh century), St. Lomman rows his master up the Boyne.

<sup>3</sup> W. Levison, *Vitae S. Bonifatii*, p. 53.

<sup>4</sup> AA. SS. Boll., 4 Feb., i, 517. The occasion was the translation of the relics of St. Venantius from Rimini to Fulda.

<sup>5</sup> AA. SS. Boll., 21 March, iii, 306 (the flight of a ship from Orleans to save its cargo from dishonest customs officers).

<sup>6</sup> AA. SS. Boll., 2 May, i, 280.

4. A ship becomes animated with self-motion in answer to prayers to a saint.

(850.) Monk of Corvey. *Historia Translationis S. Viti*:

Dum . . . vulgus . . . ad portum fluminis cui Wesara est vocabulum, advenirent, accidit ut navis ex altera parte fluminis sine gubernatore fixa staret. . . . Repente navis mota est a loco in quo fixa erat, et paulatim natando sine remige et ventorum impulsu . . . sponte ad eos recto tramite pervenit.<sup>1</sup>

(948.) Flodoard of Rheims, *Historia Remensis Ecclesiae*, iv, 9:

Nauta defuit, nave ulteriori defixa fluminis orae. . . . Dolore perculsi, in terram proni devote precantes. . . . Moxque navis soluta divina virtute nexu quo tenebatur affixa, ripae qua expectabatur accidit appulsa.<sup>2</sup>

(1002.) Aimoin of Fleury, *Miracula S. Benedicti*:

Navis etenim . . . divinitus soluta, absque ullo mortali remige, ad eam in qua coenobita ille cum sociis residebat fluminis partem transit.<sup>3</sup>

The foregoing documents show that as early as the end of the seventh century, at least among the clerics of Braga, the legend of the magic boat was current; that by the tenth century it was known in Mainz, Fulda, Corvey, Fleury, Rheims, Montier-en-Der, and elsewhere. In the earlier strata of the hagiographic tradition, represented by the documents of the Egyptian Christians in the Coptic language, closely similar stories are to be found, in witness whereof the following texts are cited.

1. The saint, by his presence on board, causes the ship to travel of itself, while the crew sleep.

(c. 400-600.) *Martyrdom of St. Sarapion*:

Appulerunt ad pagum iuxta flumen situm, ut ibidem dormirent. Bonus vero Deus deceptis sensus eorum, ita ut nescirent quo ambularent, donec pervenerunt Panepthosi in nomo Nimessot, et hac ipsa nocte ad pagum appulerunt. Mane autem consurgentes, huc et illuc respexerunt, putabant se esse in loco ad quem vespere appulerunt.<sup>4</sup>

(c. 400-600.) *Martyrdom of St. Sarapamon*:

Lorsqu' ils arrivèrent en face de la ville de Pchati, le vent les abandonna, et ils entrèrent dans une crique du côté de la rive occidentale. A

<sup>1</sup> AA. SS. Boll., June, ii, 1036.

<sup>2</sup> M. Lejeune, *Histoire de l'Eglise de Rheims par Flodoard*, ii, 495.

<sup>3</sup> AA. SS. Boll., 21 March, iii, 323 (of Oylbold, cut off by the river Indre, who prays to St. Benedict for means to cross). St. Rudesind was said to have performed a similar miracle on challenge. — AA. SS. Boll., March, i, 111, *Vita S. Rudesindi*: Si vera sunt, quae de te soliti sumus audire, nobis succurre. . . . Quod postquam dixerunt . . . lembum venientem viderunt, et cum portum Deo remige teneret, . . . intraverunt.

<sup>4</sup> I. Balestri and H. Hyvernat, *Acta Martyrum Aegypti*, p. 60.

l'heure de minuit, ils se reveillèrent, et ils se trouvèrent au station du côté de la rive orientale.<sup>1</sup>

2. The presence of a saint's relics on shipboard causes it to travel of itself.

(980.) Severus of Eshmun, History of the Patriarchs:

(A ship captain steals the head of St. Mark; his ship, however, will not put to sea.) And when they turned it around, as if to enter the city, it sped towards it like an arrow.<sup>2</sup>

Finally, in a Coptic Encomium on John the Baptist,<sup>3</sup> is a reference to the magic boat which gives a clew to the origin of the legend itself. The passage is as follows:

"The Saviour said, . . . 'Whosoever shall light a lamp in the shrine of St. John, or before his image, shall be ferried over the river of fire (by these oars) in the boat of gold which I have bestowed upon John my beloved.'"<sup>4</sup>

As Dr. Budge has pointed out, the figure of John the Baptist has replaced the old Egyptian Ferryman of Sekhet-Earu, frequently mentioned in the Pyramid Texts. A surly person, the Ferryman had to be bribed, cajoled, or browbeaten into giving the Pharaoh passage to Heaven across the Lily lake. If entreaties and threats failed, it was still possible to cast a spell on the oar, as by the following utterance:

(c. 2550 B.C.) "Thou which art in the fist of the Ferryman of Sekhet-Earu, bring to Meri-Re thy boat."<sup>5</sup>

Elsewhere in the Texts the king takes possession of the Sunbeam barque of Re,<sup>6</sup> which he steers across the sky by virtue of the sceptres of the deities who rule the Circumpolar Stars.<sup>7</sup> In one passage the boat itself speaks to him.<sup>8</sup>

As far, then, as the hagiographic tradition is concerned, the magic boat is another element in Christian legend, derived from the priestly lore of Egypt. Like the "Bridge of Sunbeams" and certain other legends, it must have passed thence into secular literature, reaching finally, as in the ballads, the level of popular tradition.<sup>9</sup>

83 BRATTLE STREET,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

<sup>1</sup> H. Hyvernat, *Les Actes des Martyres de l'Égypte*, p. 328.

<sup>2</sup> R. Graffin and F. Nau, *Patrologia Orientalis*, i, 499. The story relates to an incident in the taking of Alexandria by the Arabs in the year 641.

<sup>3</sup> Written in the Sahidic dialect. The manuscript is dated in the year 985; but the apocryph itself must belong to the period of literary activity in Upper Egypt, which came to an end before the Arab conquest in 641.

<sup>4</sup> E. A. W. Budge, *Coptic Apocrypha in the Dialect of Upper Egypt*, 349.

<sup>5</sup> K. Sethe, *Die Alten Pyramidentexte*, 1743.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, 926-927.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, 1157, 1432.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, 950.

<sup>9</sup> See my article "Bells ringing without Hands" (*Modern Language Notes*, vol. xxx, pp. 28, 29).

THE TRADITIONAL BALLAD IN THE SOUTH DURING 1914.

BY REED SMITH.

IN the writer's article, "The Traditional Ballad in the South" (this Journal, vol. xxvii, p. 63) the following suggestion was made: "A ballad syllabus or summary should be reported at least once a year, — at the annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society. This report might be published in the Journal in the first or second issue. So conducted, it would be of great interest and value to ballad-collectors throughout the United States. After its initial appearance, revision bringing it up to date would not be laborious." Personal experience in the work of the South Carolina Folk-Lore Society, and correspondence with other ballad-collectors during the past year, have proved the value of a syllabus of this kind. "Revision bringing it up to date" has been made both easy and pleasant by the kindness of the folk-lore workers referred to under the reports for the individual States given below. This article forms a sort of co-operative ballad clearing-house, a running "Who's Who in the American Ballad." It is offered in the hope that during the coming year it will prove useful and suggestive to workers in the ballad field.

I. IN THE UNITED STATES.

During 1914 were discovered two traditional ballads hitherto unrecorded for the United States. These are Child, 118 ("Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne"), reported by Professor F. C. Brown of Durham, N.C.; and two variants of Child, 293 ("John of Hazelgreen"), reported by Professor C. Alphonso Smith of the University of Virginia. A third ballad (Child, 283, "The Crafty Farmer"), which was discovered some time ago, was reported by Mrs. John C. Campbell of Asheville, N.C. Mrs. Campbell writes that this ballad was given her some years ago by a gentleman from Massachusetts. Her impression is that he said he learned it from a Tennessee mountain soldier during the Civil War. At any rate, this ballad was sung in America in the South at that time. The list of American survivals printed in this Journal last January<sup>1</sup> contained seventy-three ballads. These three additions bring the total up to seventy-six.<sup>2</sup> The complete list up to the present thus consists of the following numbers: —

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xxvii., p. 60.

<sup>2</sup> Including doubtful identifications of Nos. 27, 40, and 181. See this Journal, vol. xxvii., p. 60.

2	27	68	95	156	210	279
3	39	73	96	162	214	281
4	40	74	105	170	219	283
7	43	75	106	173	221	285
10	45	76	110	178	243	286
11	46	79	118	181	250	287
12	47	81	120	185	252	289
13	49	83	125	188	273	293
18	53	84	126	200	274	295
20	62	85	141	201	277	299
26	65	93	155	209	278	

## II. IN THE SOUTH.

Greater progress during 1914 was made in the South, particularly in Virginia, than in any other section of the United States. Mr. Phillips Barry of Cambridge reports no additions for New England.<sup>1</sup> Two Southern States, Georgia and Tennessee, make ballad returns for the first time this year. This brings the total of Southern States reporting up to eight, — Georgia, Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia.<sup>2</sup> A summary of the ballad findings in these eight States follows.

GEORGIA. — Miss Isabel Rawn, of the Mount Berry School, Mount Berry, Ga., writes that she has collected nine ballads in Georgia,<sup>3</sup> largely from the girl students of her school. The ballads are Nos. 4, 7, 20, 68 (2), 73 (3), 84 (5), 85 (2), 95, 105 (5). The numbers in parentheses refer to the number of variants. In many cases the tunes also are preserved and sung in the school. Professor W. F. Melton, of Emory College, Oxford, Ga., is an interested folk-lore worker, and hopes to see a Georgia branch organized this spring.

KENTUCKY. — In 1914 one additional ballad has been discovered, No. 95. This brings Kentucky's total to twenty-four: Nos. 4, 7, 10, 12, 13, 20, 49, 53, 68, 73, 74, 75, 76, 79, 81, 84, 85, 95, 105, 155, 243, 277, 286, 299.

MISSOURI. — Professor H. M. Belden's report of No. 12 brings

<sup>1</sup> For a list of his fine ballad collection see this *Journal*, vol. xxvii., p. 59, note 2. In the Middle West, however, Miss Louise Pound writes that six ballads have been added to Nebraska's list. These are Nos. 2, 10, 46, 73, 79, 289. Nebraska's total is thus brought up to thirteen: Nos. 2, 10, 12, 45, 46, 53, 73, 75, 79, 84, 200, 243, 289. See Miss Pound's "Traditional Ballads in Nebraska" (this *Journal*, vol. xxvi., pp. 351-366); vol. xxvii., p. 59, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> Little information could be obtained concerning Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Maryland, and Mississippi. No. 155 is reported in Child from Maryland. No. 95 was discovered by the writer in West Virginia, August, 1903, and reported by Professor Kittredge in this *Journal*, vol. xxi., p. 56. From Mississippi Professor Kittredge and Professor H. S. McGillivray, *The Citadel*, Charleston, S.C., report No. 84; and Professor Perrow reports Nos. 84 and 289. From Alabama Professor McGillivray reports No. 84.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Rawn also reports Nos. 4, 84, 95, and 200 from North Carolina.

Missouri's list of nineteen up to twenty: Nos. 2, 4, 10, 12, 18, 49, 73, 74, 75, 79, 84, 185, 200, 209, 243, 250, 277, 278, 286, 289.

NORTH CAROLINA. — Professor Frank C. Brown reports additional variants of Nos. 4 and 73, and five new ballads for North Carolina during 1914. These are Nos. 81, 85, 118, 274, 286. Mrs. John C. Campbell, of Asheville, N.C., also reports No. 85.<sup>1</sup> With the addition of these five, North Carolina's list reaches nineteen: Nos. 4, 7, 12, 53, 73, 74, 75, 76, 79, 81, 84, 85, 93, 95, 118, 200, 243, 274, 286. Professor Brown writes that he has the airs of ten or twelve of the ballads arranged for the piano, and that they have been sung at several public meetings. The discovery of No. 118, "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne," is especially interesting, for this is the first report of an American variant of this ballad.

SOUTH CAROLINA. — New for South Carolina are reports of Nos. 4, 76, 81, and 278. Additional variants were discovered for Nos. 75, 84, and 95. In all, we have thirteen ballads from South Carolina in thirty-four variants: Nos. 4, 12, 26, 73 (5), 75 (5), 76, 81, 84 (10), 95 (3), 243 (2), 250, 274 (2), 278.

Tunes to six are preserved. Last spring the Varsity Quartette of the University of South Carolina sang five of the ballads at the meeting of the State Teachers' Association in Spartanburg, S.C., and aroused marked interest. In the summer the quartette toured the State, and gave the ballads as a regular feature of the musical programme.

TENNESSEE. — Tennessee is a welcome addition to the ballad fold. Last summer at the Summer School of the South, Knoxville, Tenn., Professor C. Alphonso Smith offered a course in balladry. As a result, five Tennessee ballads were discovered.<sup>2</sup> These have been increased to eight through the efforts of Professor J. M. McBryde, Jr., Sewanee, Tenn., and others: Nos. 4, 13, 26, 53, 73 (2), 75 (2), 84 (4), 95 (2).

TEXAS. — No addition for 1914 is reported from Texas. The total still remains ten: Nos. 2, 7, 53, 73, 74, 75, 79, 84, 95, 278.

VIRGINIA. — During 1914 Virginia easily took first place among all the States in the Union in ballad-collecting. Owing to the vigorous and enthusiastic work of Professor C. Alphonso Smith and the Virginia Folk-Lore Society, eight new ballads were added to last year's list of twenty-three, making thirty-one in all. The new ballads are Nos. 18, 20, 49, 79, 81, 200, 286, 293. No. 293, "John of Hazelgreen," has been found nowhere else in the United States. Virginia's total

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Campbell has an interesting article on "Songs and Ballads of the Southern Mountains" in the *Survey* (105 E. 22d St., New York), Jan. 2, 1915, pp. 371-374.

<sup>2</sup> See Professor Smith's ballad list, reported to his class in July, 1914, and published in the *Summer School News*, Knoxville, Tenn., vol. 1, No. 12.

(number of variants given in parentheses) is as follows: 4 (7), 7, 10 (3), 12 (6), 13 (3), 18 (3), 20, 49, 53 (4), 73 (12), 74 (5), 75 (13), 76 (9), 79, 81 (2), 84 (23), 85 (5), 93 (2), 95 (8), 120, 125, 126, 141, 155 (9), 200, 201, 243 (15), 274 (5), 286 (2), 289 (6), 293 (2).

No. in Child.	Georgia.	Kentucky.	Missouri.	North Carolina.	South Carolina.	Tennessee.	Texas.	Virginia.
2	—	—	*	—	—	—	*	—
4	*	*	*	*	*	*	—	*
7	*	*	—	*	—	—	*	*
10	—	*	*	—	—	—	—	*
12	—	*	*	*	*	—	—	*
13	—	*	—	—	—	*	—	*
18	—	—	*	—	—	—	—	*
20	*	*	—	—	—	—	—	*
26	—	—	—	—	*	*	—	—
49	—	*	*	—	—	—	—	*
53	—	*	—	*	—	*	*	*
68	*	*	—	—	—	—	—	—
73	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
74	—	*	*	*	—	—	*	*
75	—	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
76	—	*	—	*	*	—	—	*
79	—	*	*	*	—	—	*	*
81	—	*	—	*	*	—	—	*
84	*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
85	*	*	—	*	—	—	—	*
93	—	—	—	*	—	—	—	*
95	*	*	—	*	*	*	*	*
105	*	*	—	—	—	—	—	—
118	—	—	—	*	—	—	—	—
120	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
125	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
126	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
141	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
155	—	*	—	—	—	—	—	*
185	—	—	*	—	—	—	—	—
200	—	—	*	*	—	—	—	*
201	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
209	—	—	*	—	—	—	—	—
243	—	*	*	*	*	—	—	*
250	—	—	*	—	*	—	—	—
274	—	—	—	*	*	—	—	*
277	—	*	*	—	—	—	—	—
278	—	—	*	—	*	—	*	—
286	—	*	*	*	—	—	—	*
289	—	—	*	—	—	—	—	*
293	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	*
299	—	*	—	—	—	—	—	—

A rich variety of tunes has also been gathered, as follows: Nos. 4, 10, 13, 18, 49, 73, 74 (2), 75, 76, 81, 84 (2), 85, 93, 95 (2), 120, 126, 141, 155 (3), 200, 243 (2), 274, 289.



Thirty-one ballads, in 154 variants, with 28 tunes, make an enviable collection.

Combining the reports from these eight Southern States, we get the above statistical ballad table or syllabus.

From this syllabus it appears that the forty-two ballads rank as follows in numerical distribution: —

Found in —

One State . . . . .	10	(Nos. 118, 120, 125, 126, 141, 185, 201, 209, 293, 299).
Two States . . . . .	10	(Nos. 2, 18, 26, 68, 93, 105, 155, 250, 277, 289).
Three States . . . . .	7	(Nos. 10, 13, 20, 49, 200, 274, 278).
Four States . . . . .	4	(Nos. 76, 81, 85, 286).
Five States . . . . .	6	(Nos. 7, 12, 53, 74, 79, 243).
Seven States . . . . .	3	(Nos. 4, 75, 95).
All eight States . . . . .	2	(Nos. 73, 84). <sup>1</sup>

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA,  
COLUMBIA, S.C.

<sup>1</sup> No. 84, "Barbara Allen," leads all American ballads, both in geographical distribution and in number of variants. From New England are reported 8 variants; from Georgia, 5; from South Carolina, 10; from Tennessee, 4; from Virginia, 23.— a total of 50. Ballad-collectors from other sections do not give the actual figures, but uniformly speak of it as existing in many variants. It was considered "popular" enough to be included in *Heart Songs* (Boston, 1909). This well-known collection of old favorites was put together in a contest gotten up by the *National Magazine*, and is described as "contributed by 25,000 people."

## NEW-MEXICAN SPANISH FOLK-LORE

By AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

## VI. ADDENDA.

AFTER my article, "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-lore (VI. Los Trovos del Viejo Vilmas)" was published,<sup>1</sup> I received from Don Juan Chaves y García, of Puerto de Luna, N. Mex. (the reciter of *Trovo I*, already published), the following additional *trovo* between Chicoria and Gracia, which belongs with those same metrical discussions. It gives additional information about some of the *puetas*, and adds a new one to the list,—Chicoria, a New-Mexican, as we are told in verse 4. Gracia, as we saw before, is a Mexican from Sonora.<sup>2</sup>

As to form it is noteworthy, that the new *trovo* is composed entirely of four-verse octosyllabic strophes (there is only one exception, verse 5, which has five verses), whereas in the former compositions the strophes are frequently of six, eight, and more verses.

## (v) TROVO DE CHICORIA Y GRACIA.

(Recited by Desiderio Aragón, aged 72 years.)

- |           |   |
|-----------|---|
| CHICORIA. | 1. En la sierra de sandía<br>está un árbol de mansana;<br>si no si hubiera secado<br>comiéramos chicharrones.                     |
| GRACIA.   | 2. Puetas y compositores<br>que cain (a) una tierr' amena,<br>ya de mi stán perdonados;<br>que les valga su tontera.              |
| CH.       | 3. En el pueblo di Oposura (sic)<br>repicaron las campanas.<br>Cuando yo bajé di ayá<br>ya era muerto 'l pilguanijo. <sup>3</sup> |
| G.        | 4. Nuevo Méjico insolente,<br>entre los sfolos criado,<br>dime quién ti (ha) hecho letrado,<br>pa cantar entre la gente.          |
| CH.       | 5. No me sias inconsecuente;<br>cantas con mucha eficacia.  |

<sup>1</sup> This Journal, vol. xxvii, pp. 105-118.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 106.<sup>3</sup> *Tonto*.

Aquí ti ha caído Chicoria;  
ora caidrás de la grasia,  
y ti ha de faltar memoria.

- G. 6. En esta cresida boda,  
Chicoria, quieres versar.  
Testos di Filosofía  
son los qui has di argumentar.
- CH. 7. D' esto contra mi has de dar,  
si a todo le das remate.  
Testos de Filosofía  
son mi mero chocolate.
- G. 8. Si a todo le das remate,  
eso susede de continuo.  
Ora quiero que me cantes  
asuntos por lo divino.
- CH. 9. Hoy te pondré nel camino,  
si tienes sabiduría.  
Antes de formar la gloria,  
¿ qué cosa mi Dios haría? <sup>1</sup>
- G. 10. Dise la sum' alegría,  
Chicoria, ai te corresponde,  
qui antes de formar la gloria,  
primero formaría 'l hombre.
- CH. 11. Grasia, ya no me respondes;  
dime si las trais urdidias.  
¿ Para qué me pides testos,  
si has de responder mentiras?
- G. 12. Palabras tan escogidas,  
suidá cresida di Adán;  
si no me creyes a mí,  
pregúntali a Fray Julián.
- CH. 13. Aunque me digas así,  
Grasia, sin haser alarde;  
si el padre dise qui al hombre,  
le digo que mienti al padre.
- G. 14. Mira, sin haser alarde,  
Chicoria, no sias camote.  
¿ Cómo quieres desmentir  
(a) un padre y un saserdote?
- CH. 15. Grasia, t' he di haser jilote,  
qui ha sido mi vanagloria.

<sup>1</sup> This same verse occurs in the other *trovos*.

Desdi orita te lo dije  
que ti habié<sup>1</sup> faltar memoria.

- G. 16. En esta cresida boda  
vide diferente 'l bulto.  
Por vida tuya, Chicoria,  
hasme saber el asunto.
- CH. 17. Vites diferente 'l bulto,  
Grasia, tan desengañado.  
¿ Qui asuntos quieres qu' enseñe  
yo, 'ntre los sfbolos criado?
- G. 18. Versas bien y con cuidado;  
Chicoria, eres pueta diestro.  
Hasme saber el asunto  
si tratas de ser mi mestro.
- CH. 19. Grasia, tú eres pueta diestro;  
versas con mucho descoco (sic).  
¿ Cómo quieres que sia mestro,  
si antes me tratas de loco?
- G. 20. Versas bien y pocu a pocu;  
much' es tu sabiduría.  
Antes de formar la gloria,  
¿ qué cosa mi Dios haría?<sup>2</sup>
- CH. 21. Dise la sum' alegría,  
y el verdadero Jesús,  
qui antes de formar la gloria,  
primero formó la lus.
- G. 22. (Verse missing?)
- CH. 23. En esta cresida boda,  
siudá cresida di Adán,  
Por haser cayar a Grasia,  
desmentíal padre Julián.
- G. 24. En l' esquina de la plasa  
está una piedra parada;  
el que tropesó con eya,  
prueba de que no la vido.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA.

<sup>1</sup> *Había de.*

<sup>2</sup> Compare verse 9.

